

*Canadian Railroader*

From 1910 to 1918 he was Liberal member for North Norfolk. In 1922 he represented Labor for the same constituency, and won a signal victory at the last general elections. He is an ardent social reformer, and advocates temperance reforms, small holdings, etc. Among other books that he has written is "With the Bulgarian Staff," and (in collaboration) "The Heart of the Empire," "Travel and Politics in Armenia," "The War and the Balkans," and "Balkan Problems and the European Peace."

**LORD CHELMSFORD**, First Lord of the Admiralty—The third Baron of Chelmsford was born in 1858 and was educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford. He was called to the Bar in 1893. From 1900 to 1904 he was a member of the London School Board, member of the L.C.C. and an alderman in 1913. From 1905 to 1909, Lord Chelmsford was governor of Queensland, and from 1909 to 1913 governor of New South Wales. In 1916 he was appointed Viceroy of India, succeeded in 1921 by Lord Reading. As an administrator in Australia and India he showed great tact and ability.

**CHRISTOPHER THOMSON**, Secretary of State for Air—The new Air Minister has taken an active part in Labor activities for a number of years. He was defeated in the last general elections when he ran against Lt.-Col. F. E. Fremantle (Unionist) in the St. Alban's Division of Hertfordshire.

**JOHN S. WHEATLEY**, Minister of Health—J. S. Wheatley began work in a coal pit near Glasgow when he was only 11 years old. He has been an outstanding figure in the Scottish Labor movement for many years, and took a prominent part in the rent strike at Glasgow in 1920. In 1912 he became a member of the Glasgow City Council and has been vice-convenor of the housing committee of the corporation, as well as chairman of the Scottish Labor Housing Association. In 1922 he became member of Parliament for the Shettleston Division of Glasgow.

**C. P. TREVELYAN**, President Board of Education—Among the aristocrats to be found in the new Cabinet is Charles Philips Trevelyan, President of the Board of Education, who is heir to a baronetcy, being the eldest son of Sir George Otto Trevelyan, whose mother was a sister of Lord Macaulay. The President of the Board of Education is another Northerner, having sat as Liberal member in the Elland Division of Yorkshire from 1899 to 1918, and for the central division of Newcastle-on-Tyne as Labor member from 1922, being re-elected recently. Of Quaker traditions, Mr. Trevelyan protested against participation in the great war, resigning from the Government of that day, in which he held office as parliamentary secretary in the board of which he now becomes head. He is a temperance reformer, free trader and educationist.

**THOMAS SHAW**, Minister of Labor—The new Minister of Labor started to work in a Lancashire mill at the age of 10, and is well known as one of the leaders of the Lancashire weavers. He is one of the popular figures of the north of England, and has been M.P. for Preston since 1918. He was born at Colne, Lancashire, in 1872, went to an elementary school and was accepted as a "full-timer" when he was 13 years of age. In his spare time, which was not any too long, young Shaw studied French and German, and accumulated a stock of knowledge which was to stand him in good stead later in life. He went into the Labor movement heart and soul and became an official of the Colne Weavers, his own local, and was later appointed Secretary of the International Congress of Textile Workers.

**VERNON HARTSHORN**, Postmaster-General—An official of the South Wales Miners' Federation for a number of years, Vernon Hartshorn was also a member of the National Executive of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. He was a member of the Coal Controller's Advisory Committee and of the Coal Trade Organization Committee. He has been an M.P. for the Ogmore Division of Glamorganshire since 1918. During the war he was created an O.B.E. for services to the nation. He is a ready speaker and writer.

**PATRICK HASTINGS**, K.C., Attorney-General, was born in 1880 and educated at Charterhouse. After being engaged as a mining engineer in 1898-99, he served in the South African war, after which he took up journalism and studied law. He was called to the Bar, Middle Temple, in 1904.

**WILLIAM ADAMSON**, Secretary for Scotland, has been Chairman of the Parliamentary party, and as Labor M.P., sat for West Fife. He was born in 1863.

**FREDERICK WILLIAM JOWETT**, Commissioner of Works—For fifteen years was city councillor and eight years chairman of the Public Health Committee at Bradford, entering Parliament in 1906 as Labor member for West Bradford. He was born at Bradford in 1864 and has published a book on "The Socialist and the City."

The Cannibal King: "Here, what was that dish you served up to me at lunch?" The Cook: "Stewed motor-cyclist, your majesty." Cannibal King: "It tasted very burnt." Cook: "Well, he was scorching when we caught him, your majesty."

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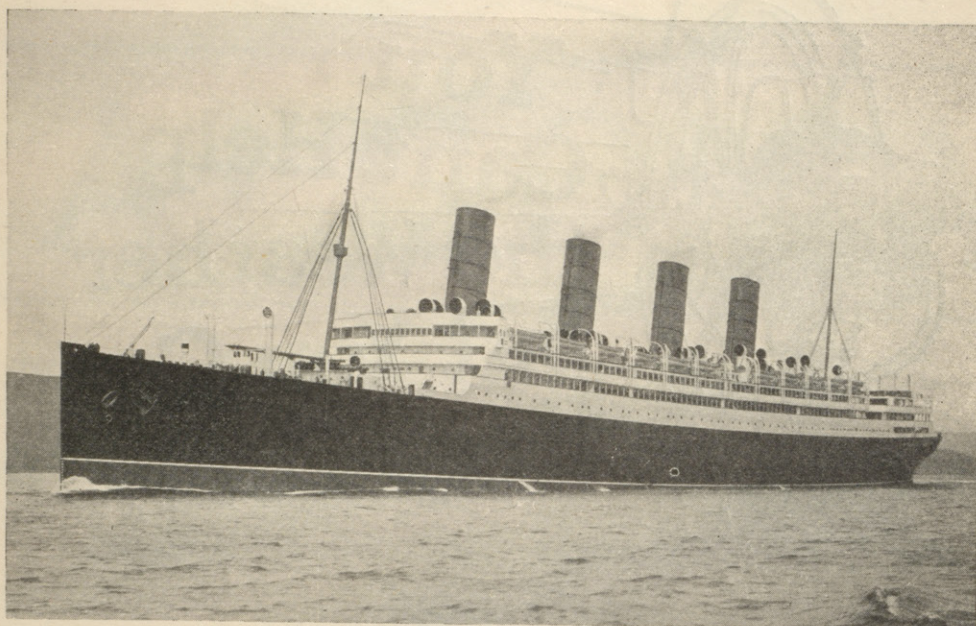
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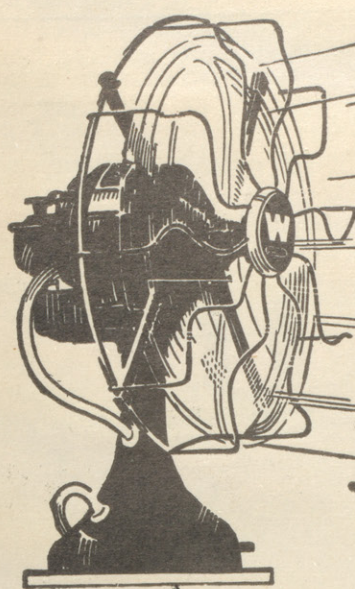
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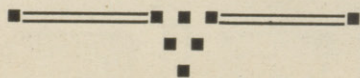
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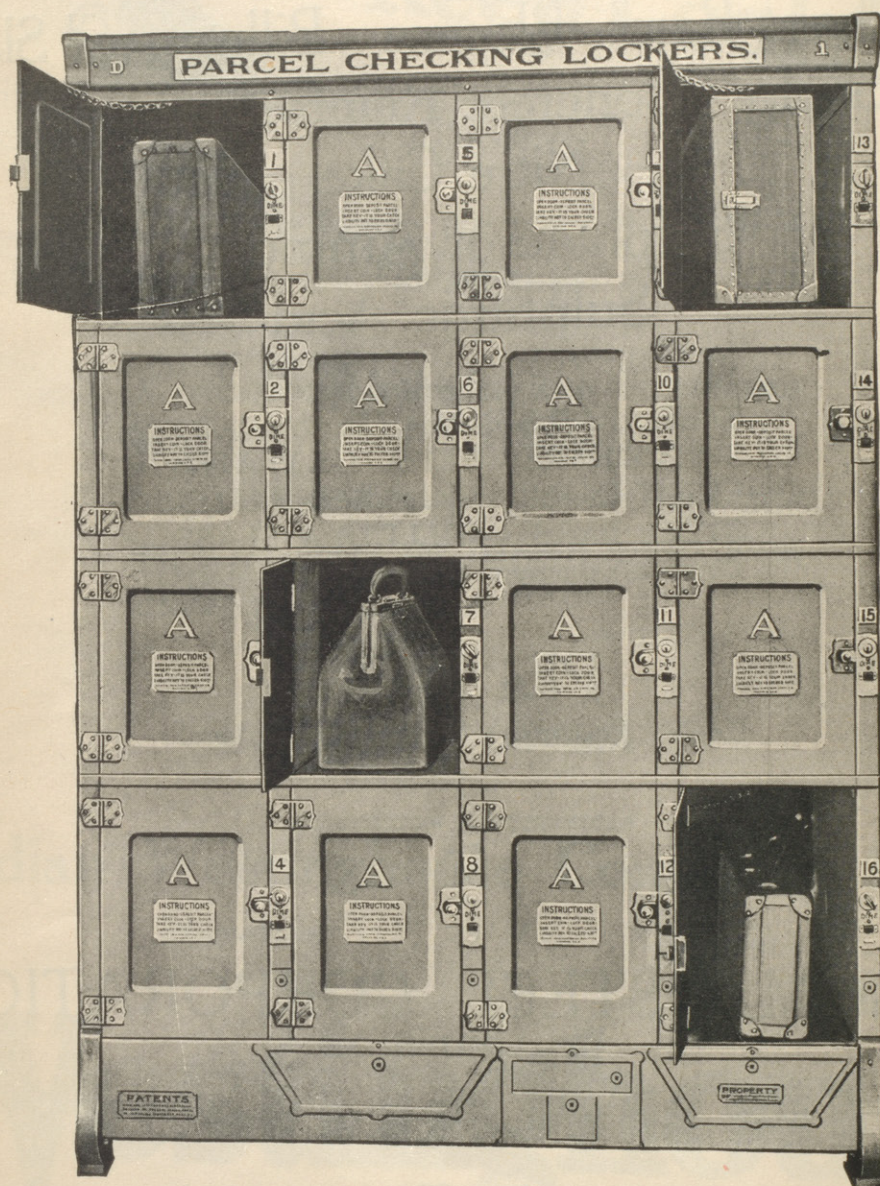
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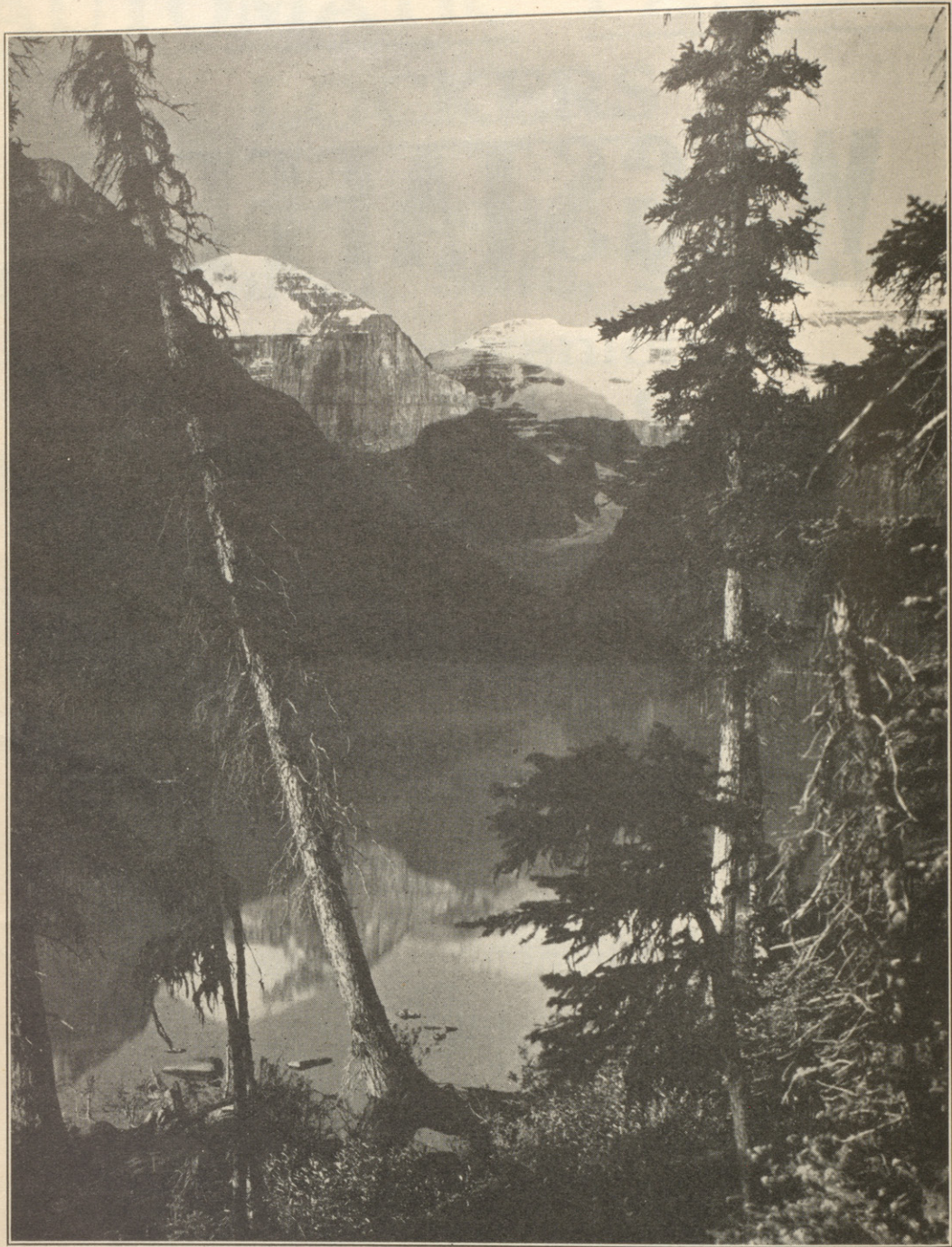
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# CANADIAN RAILROADER

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## THAT TARIFF BOARD

**N**OW that Premier King has promised, a Tariff Board, some of the old fallacies crop up concerning the construction of such an institution. The "Railroader" is in the position of knowing precisely what large sections of the people think about a Tariff Board. It has the evidence on file; which is more than can be said for some who talk glibly about "public opinion."

A Tariff Advisory Board has been a pronounced success in the United States for a long time. A commission of experts representing various interests in the country studies the tariff scientifically and makes tariff recommendations to Congress based upon discovery of facts rather than upon political expediency. The tariff is no longer a political football across the line. Congress is not obliged to accept the findings of the board, but that it often does is due to the circumstance that the findings are non-political, and soundly social and economic. Although the tariff has not been taken out of politics, politics have largely been taken out of the tariff.

In this country, tariff questions always have been, and still are, party planks; sectional appeals, partisan appeals, are bound up in the tariff. If you belong to such-and-such a group, you favor such-and-such; if you belong to another group, you are agin' such-and-such. The intrinsic merits of the thing, the destiny of the country, which should be the ruling impulses, are, in effect, secondary considerations. This will be the case as long as tariffs—high tariff, low tariff, no tariff—remain partisan issues.

Back in 1919 and 1920 the "Canadian Railroader" campaigned for a Tariff Advisory Board. The details of the plan are on another page of this issue, and unchanged from the beginning; there need be no fallacies about them. Trades unions, which have always felt the disadvantages of the present system, took up the plan. In 1920 sixteen hundred individual Canadian unions unanimously endorsed the plan, and in the fall of that year the Canadian Trades and Labor Congress Journal recorded its approval.

*(Continued on next page)*



At the same time, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and agriculturists who were just as keen to get at the facts and be removed as far as possible from political opportunism, supported the project. It was probably the first time in Canadian internal affairs when trades unionists, manufacturers and farmers met on common ground for the common good.

Since then there has been a good deal of agitation for the tariff board idea, and Premier King has evidently been impressed by it. It is also to be hoped, however, that the proposed board will be scientific and advisory, representative of the various interests, and not merely a committee of the government in power.

## A HEALTHY INVALID

**T**HE Labor Government in Great Britain is always having narrow squeaks from losing its life, according to those publicists who would like to arrange its execution, if they could. The Liberal Party, supported by the Conservative vote, probably has the power to defeat a Government plan to bring about another general election, but it might be a temporary political victory rather dearly bought. The Liberals are not so foolish or narrowly-partisan as to seriously cripple the Labor Government in momentous matters of state, and perhaps imperil their own status before the country, for the sake of a fleeting Conservative cheer. So far the Labor Government has done nothing which the Liberals and Conservatives alike could seriously disapprove, in the present temper of the electorate, and it has done a number of things which the Liberals have been wanting to do for some time.

Meanwhile the Labor Government increases its prestige, and when it does eventually go to the country, may be in a better position than ever to increase its lead in votes.

## ELIMINATING ACCIDENTS

**"S**AFETY FIRST" movements are growing in public approval and effectiveness. Amongst the cities, Montreal now has a Safety League which has already done good work towards reducing automobile accident fatalities and other injuries, by a campaign of education in officialdom, and amongst motorists, children and other community groups. There is still great need for campaigning, particularly in the way of better traffic regulations and the curbing of the reckless driver.

A feature of taxi-cab speeding which should not be overlooked is that most taxi-cab drivers are paid by commission on their mileage. In order to make a decent wage the drivers naturally pile up their mileage as high and as fast as they dare, and the pedestrian risk is thereby increased. In the circumstances the employer as well as the driver is responsible for accidents.

We borrow many of our ideas from the United States, and, oddly enough, few from Great Britain. It should be interesting to find out the reasons why auto accidents in Great Britain are much less numerous than in the United States and Canada. A recent plan adopted in some British cities was to wind up a special campaign of accident-prevention education by enrolling thousands of public-spirited citizens as special constables for one day and stationing them everywhere, with power to enforce all traffic regulations, and, if necessary, make arrests of flagrant violators of the law. In one event of this kind, while it was found wise to warn, instruct or advise a number of motorists, not a single case was taken to court, and not a single instance of even the most minor form of accident was recorded. The educational value of the event alone justified the experiment.

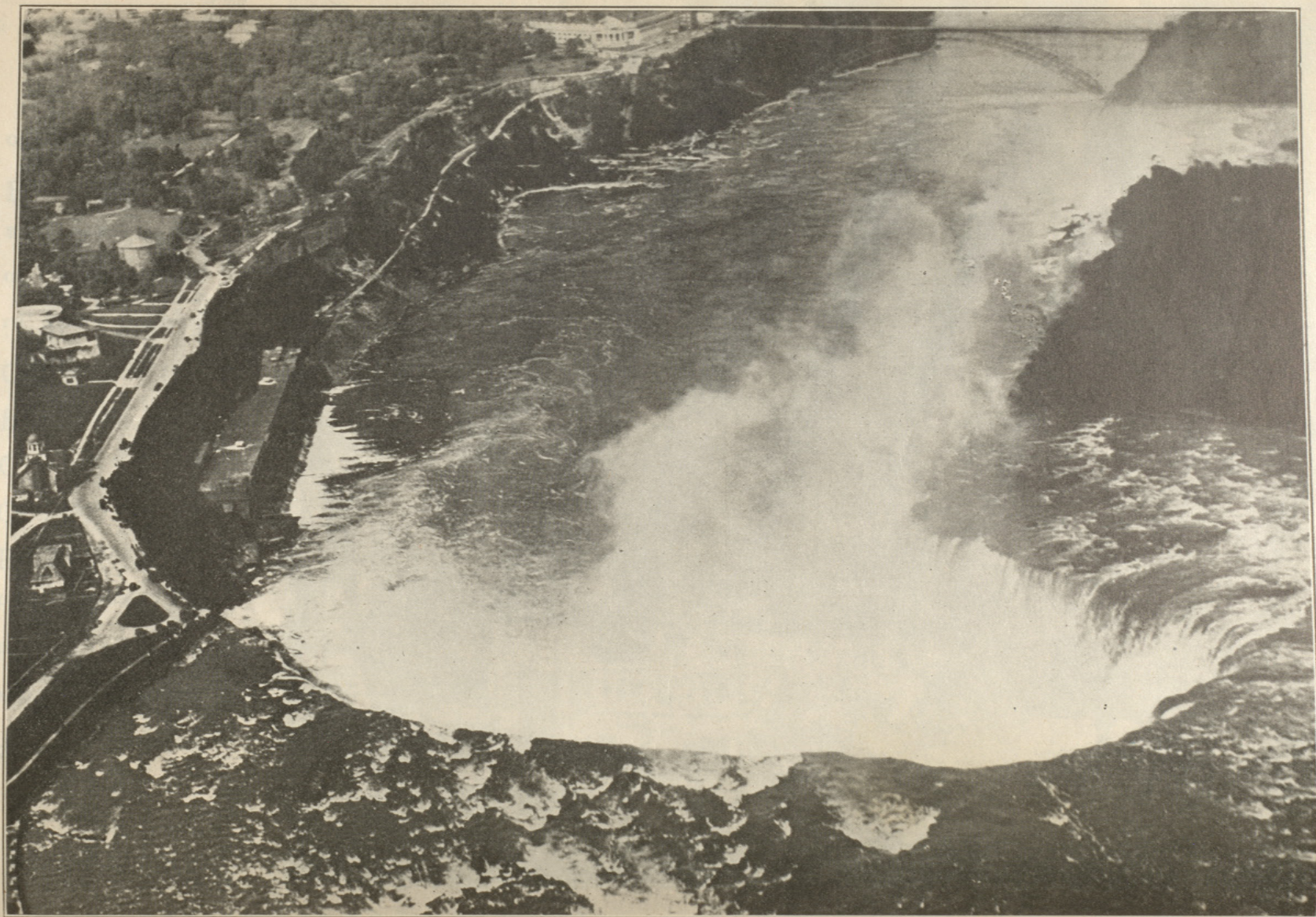


## A BIRD-MAN'S VIEW OF THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION

A fine aerial view of the main buildings of the British Exhibition. On right is the Canadian Pavilion and C.P.R., on left is the Palace of Engineering and the Indian Pavilion in centre at back.







*Above is the most remarkable picture ever taken of the Horseshoe Falls at Niagara—Sweeping fairly low over the brink of the Canadian Falls, taken at a great risk, this airplane photograph gives a rare idea of the shape of the falls and shows plainly how it derived its name. This was a most dangerous picture to attempt as the air currents over the cataract are treacherous.*



# Premier Announced Tariff Board

Plan first urged in 1919 by Canadian Railroader, afterwards adopted by Canadian Trades and Labor Congress, Canadian Manufacturers' Association and Representatives of Agricultural Interests.

PREMIER KING on May 15, in a speech in the House on the Government's policy relating to the budget and the industrial life of the country, promised a Tariff Board, a plan proposed and urged by the Canadian Railroader in 1919. It was adopted in 1920 by the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada (through most of its Locals individually and through the annual convention of the Congress), by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and by a number of agricultural interests.

The Congress plan was to have an independent advisory board representative of various interests much as those of the manufacturers, the Labor movement and the agriculturists, not to take the tariff out of politics but to take party or group politics out of the tariff as far as possible. The Premier does not as yet state the manner of construction of the proposed Board, but it is to be hoped that it does not merely mean a sort of committee of the Government.

Following is the resolution adopted in 1920 by sixteen hundred Canadian Labor Organizations endorsing Advisory Tariff Board Plan:—

Whereas there is organized agitation for a general reduction of the tariff, with the evident aim of establishing free trade as a fiscal policy in Canada, and

Whereas political events are so shaping themselves that it is quite clear that at each election, for years to come, the question of the tariff will be made the football of partisan politics, and

Whereas the effects of this political situation have been, and evidently will be, to throw thousands of our fellow trade unionists out of work preceding each election time, and

Whereas many trades are threatened with extinction because of the agitation for reduction of tariff, or the free trade policy, because we would be flooded with goods of foreign manufacture, made by foreign workmen instead of Canadian workmen, and

Whereas if the present policy of protection be maintained the present system permits the unscrupulous manufacturer to bleed the public with exorbitant prices,

Therefore be it resolved that we urge upon the Government to establish a permanent scientific tariff commission, or department, with a labor representative as one of its members, to advise with the Government on all tariff questions in the future, so that as far as possible this issue may be removed from politics upon a nonpartisan, scientific and business basis, to the end that labor may not be made to suffer from political jugglery in the future,

And be it further resolved that we shall continually agitate for, and demand, the establishment of such an advisory scientific commission.

The text of the Premier's announcement regarding the Board is as follows:

"The Government is in sympathy with the view which has been expressed by many honorable members in different parts of this House, that there should be in

the Department of Finance, in addition to the one or more persons who at present act as advisors to the minister on tariff matters, other persons with special knowledge or specially qualified to obtain exact information with respect to just such questions as the operation of depreciated or appreciated currencies upon the tariff, and the operation of existing tariffs and suggested or needed changes, upon industry and upon revenue, a body of experts to be known as a tariff committee or a tariff board, or by some other suitable designation, whose duty it will be to give continuous time and attention to tariff matters, so that the Minister of Finance, in making his tariff proposals or suggesting tariff revisions to the House, may do so in the light of the fullest expert and exact knowledge of the situation in all its bearings.

Respecting the proposed taxation board, the Prime Minister said: "I shall not anticipate what may be said upon the legislation to be introduced by outlining its provisions at the moment; I would like to point out, however, that this announcement in the Speech from the Throne constitutes an additional reason why the amendment of the hon. member for Centre Winnipeg is most inopportune and should not be accepted at the present moment. It is, amongst other things, to study and investigate just such modes of taxation as the hon. member has suggested, viz., the readjustment and extension of the income tax.

"Some have suggested that this board should be the one to which should be assigned the investigation and study of the tariff as well as all other modes of taxation. That, I think, is a suggestion deserving of the most careful consideration. There is much to be said for it, and much to be said against it. There is no reason, however, why the personnel of such a board might not, if thought advisable, be utilized in whole or in part in the manner suggested, either as members of a separate tariff board or as a board of taxation including an investigation and study of the tariff along with other modes of taxation. That point, we are not, however, called upon to decide at the moment. It is sufficient for my present purpose to say that the Government is of the opinion that expert and exact knowledge to be obtained in the manner mentioned should precede any general tariff revision, such as is suggested by the hon. member for Centre Winnipeg in his amendment.

There is one point, however, I should like to make clear while speaking on this matter, and that is that a tariff board such as I have described is not to be confused with a tariff commission, as some have suggested, which should operate wholly apart from the Government or the Department of Finance and which would take from the Government of the day and this House of Commons responsibility with respect to the tariff to be imposed. It must never be forgotten that a customs tariff is a tax and that the control of taxation is the supreme right of the commissions, and that the responsibility for taxation must be that of the Government under which it is imposed.

What is proposed and meant is a board for purposes of investigation and study of tariff problems which shall act in an advisory capacity to the Government, it being recognized what the need for revenue is to-day, as compared with earlier years.





*A new photograph of Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, looking west from Main Street. The avenue is one of the longest and widest public thoroughfares in Canada. It is also one of the best-lighted; as can be seen in the picture, frequent strings of small lights stretching across the street are part of the illuminating system. On account of the unusual width of the street, "safety islands" have been placed in the centre, where the pedestrians can pause in security from the vehicular traffic, or step on or off street cars. It is almost beyond conception that this bustling, modern street with its lines of fine buildings was prairie land within a comparatively short span of years.*



## C.P.R. Publicity Agent Elected to New Office

J. Murray Gibbon, author of "Drums Afar" and other popular novels, General Publicity Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has been elected a vice-president of the recently-formed American Association of Railway Advertising Agents. This organization came into being at a meeting held in the Hamilton Club at Chicago. On that occasion Charles R. Custer, of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, was elected president. The purpose of the association will be the promotion of the interests of railway advertising and of more intimate relationships between those engaged in this work.

Figures relating to advertising in daily newspapers alone, in the United States,



reveal the fact that the automobile industry occupies more space than any other classification, it being stated that \$17,502,329 was paid for space during 1923 for the purpose of making known the merits of various makes. Travel accounted for \$5,139,106, to which both railways and steamships contributed. Other large contributors were the hotel and resort interests, which spent \$4,626,820 in appealing to the public.

Mr. Gibbon was born in Ceylon, of Scottish parents, and was educated at Aberdeen, Oxford University, and Heidelberg University. He was Editor of "Black and White," London, and was brought to Canada to fill his present position in 1907. He is noted as publicist, author and lecturer, and is Past-President of the Canadian Authors' Association.

## C.N. Sleeping Car Inspector at B.E. Exhibition

PERCY COTTON, an inspector of the Sleeping and Dining Car Department, Canadian National Railways, is on duty at the British Empire Exhibition, telling visitors there something about rail travel in Canada, and explaining the equipment exhibit in the C.N.R. pavilion.

The equipment exhibit consists of full-size sections of various types of passenger equipment used on the National lines. Although only one section is shown of a

ment. For instance, the dining car section shows a table set for a meal, with linen, silverware, cutlery, etc., in their proper places. One of the chairs has on it the special stool which is provided on dining cars of the Canadian National Railways for children. In the sleeping car exhibit, an upper and lower berth are shown and these will be made up and down for the benefit of visitors so that they may see how this section

can be used for sleeping purposes at night and as comfortable chairs in the day time.

To travellers using the Canadian National Railways between Winnipeg and Edmonton Mr. Cotton is well known as he served on that run for a good many years. He joined the System on May 1st, 1909, as a waiter, and has served successively since as dining-car steward, sleeping-car conductor and in his present position of sleeping and dining-car inspector. His headquarters are at Winnipeg.



Percy Cotton

colonist car, a tourist car, a dining car, with washroom and smoker, a drawing-room and also a compartment, these exhibits are complete in every detail, being exact reproductions of standard equip-

## After this you'd better turn to page 57

Edita,  
Canadian Yailyoader.  
Honorable Sir:

*Yo magazine expires me to impress words of good gracious tanks.*

*Am it wonderful? It are, I swore. No others I read, not, an' sometime it not.*

*You bling collah an' shirtee to me, Mah Jong, I velly much good laundly, no chargee mo' than sikty-fo' cent yeggla cuss-tomer. Washee a week two time Wellensday Fliday.*

*I solimgly aglee to be yeggla cusstomer foh yo' magazine. Please to also put my brudder, Punk Pong, Canton, on flea list.*

*No unnerstan' plaige 57. Why-for one dollah? Please to explode mystery.*

Yoh Loving Fiend,

MAH JONG.



Norma Niblock, 15-year-old Toronto High School girl, picked by Rudolph Valentino as "prettiest girl in America" from 88 contestants. She will now enter the "movies." We would like to reproduce some photographs of other charming Canadian girls. Will you help us in this matter?





*This, the first home, was built in 1903, at a cost of \$30 for lumber, including door and windows. Sods were used for the bulk of the construction. The house was warm and comfortable in winter, and cool in summer.*

## Made in Canada

From Bow Bells to the Western Prairies

Written for Canadian Railroader by NORMAN S. RANKIN

The following is the story of one of the families who have played their part in making the great Canadian West what it is today. With practically no capital, George Saunders and his wife, recently emigrated from England, commenced homestead life a little over twenty years ago in a sod hut, amid the loneliness of the Saskatchewan prairies.

Inspired with the determination to make good and "play the game," they have, during the past two decades, seen solitary miles of prairie land transformed into busy towns and villages. With their family of five children, who are contentedly remaining on the farm, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders express unbounded faith in the future of the Dominion—particularly of the West.

*"The writer thinks, the poet sings,  
The craftsman fashions wondrous things;  
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,  
The miner follows precious leads;  
But this or that, what'ere befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all."*

If success implies happiness as well as a more than adequate quantity of this world's wealth, it is apparent that there are many men in the universe to-day who are designated successful by the general public but who do not so consider themselves, as well as many who consider themselves successful and whose

histories are generally unknown and therefore, unsung.

### *Life Under Handicaps*

The reading of biographies of successful men is always inspiring, particularly if the men in question began life under great handicaps—lack of capital, education, friends, etc.—and, through their own unaided efforts, by character, will, persistence and physical or moral strength, forced their way to the front.

Canada teems with stories of such men, all of which would make most interesting reading, but it is only occasion-

ally, owing to the modesty of the subjects and the busy-ness of the modern world, and perhaps, also, to the writers' opinions of what is termed success, that they receive the publicity that they deserve, which, when told, furnish most desirable stimulus and encouragement to others who are beginning life under more or less similar circumstances.

### *Inspiration and Incentive*

When a man gets on in years, if things have gone well with him, though not seeking publicity, he is, at least, more or less complaisant regarding it. He realizes that he has, perhaps, reached the pinnacle of his career, and though he may not, for himself, desire a public record of his life, for the sake of his family, he is willing that such should be written, just as an old soldier cherishes the possession of his medals so that they may be passed on to his children to keep his memory green when he has answered the last muster call.

Such a story—just an ordinary tale—but one of inspiration and incentive, is that of George Saunders, farmer-owner of Lakeview Farm, Saskatchewan.

*"He is swarthy and brown from the glow of the sun,  
And the world does not dream of the work he has done,  
For the world has its heroes of pomp and parade,  
Who are honored because of the waste they have made;  
But this man drove desert and wilderness back  
By his brain and his brawn, and life in a shack."*

Forty-five miles west of Saskatoon, at the foot of the Eagle Hills, close to the little town of Perdue lies the attractive



*The fine new home, Lakeview Farm, from a photograph taken in 1922.*



farm home of George Saunders. In the days when he first set foot on this land, it was bald prairie, grand, indeed, ideal for farming, but with a grandeur that was monotonous, with nothing to break the outlook but a clump or two of bushes along the edges of slough or lake, till the eye, over rolling prairie that simmered and danced in the summer heat, met the blue line of the sky. There was no cultivation; no sign of human life; no movement unless it was the shadow of the slinking coyote, a jumping gopher, a flitting bird or a furry badger, poking his curious nose up in search of food. It was the West in the first period of its history—the homestead period—when there were many thousands of broad acres of free land awaiting only cultivation by the hand of man to blossom forth into bountiful productivity.

Over the horizon, in the year 1902, by cumbersome prairie schooner, drawn by two weary horses and loaded with a tent, a few necessities of life, a walking plow and miscellaneous farm equipment, came George J. Saunders and companion. It was spring time and though a pleasant breeze freshened the atmosphere, the sun was hot, the way had been long and man and beast yearned for rest. So they out-spanned and soon a pleasant odor of frying bacon and fragrant coffee filled the air, whilst the horses, tethered nearby, cropped contentedly the brown succulent grasses of the prairie.

#### *Good Land, Indeed*

After the men had eaten and drunk their fill, and had lit their pipes, they rose, and, shading their eyes with their hands from the strong glare of the sun, looked over the pleasant land as it rippled and rolled away to the distance. They saw that it was matted with a heavy coat of rich prairie hay; that it lay smooth to the plow; was well drained and stoneless and that sweet water was close at hand in an attractive lake about half a mile to the south. They looked at each other; then swept the view again with their eyes and said it was good. Good, yes, good indeed; so good that Saunders went back and



*A picture of the family in 1908.*

brought his family and is still there to-day; so good that successive crops produced year after year, have made him rich, rich in a sufficiency of this world's goods, rich in contentment, rich in happiness.

#### *Amazing Changes*

To-day it presents a very different appearance. No longer are they alone with the gophers and the badgers and the occasional coyote; no longer is there an unbroken skyline, a trackless plain, a monotony of outlook, but an area of farming activity and progress. Little islands of native poplar, tall windbreaks of aspen and maple, ash and evergreen, dot the landscape. Houses, barns, cattle, granaries and haystacks are everywhere. Smooth roads wind by, bountiful crops spring luxuriously on all sides and the hum of machinery and general farming

activity mingles with the whistles and roar of passing trains. And Lakeview Farm—well, it's Lakeview Farm, a place of production and prosperity, of bountiful crops, sleek cattle, of vegetable gardens, fruit trees, green lawns, windbreaks, shady wooded retreats, multi-colored flower beds, bordered walks, commodious, well-kept buildings; a farm home in every sense of the word—such a home as any man might be proud to call his own, but to the man who created it by the sweat of his brow, more, much more.

#### *Was Printer's Devil*

George Saunders was born in London, England, within the sound of Bow Bells. He was just an ordinary, poor boy; no distinguishing talents, no marked cleverness, no indications of that character which later in life showed itself so markedly. And his parents were poor—decidedly poor. So, instead of a series of years of happy, irresponsible, school days, he early became a printer's devil, with long hours of excessive work; longer periods of scanty pay. Later, and until he was 26, he worked in city warehouses not a stone's throw from St. Paul's Cathedral.

#### *The Restless Spirit*

"In creating man, God endowed him with a restless spirit, a desire to follow the pathway of the setting sun." Saunders had heard much of Canada; he saw no future at home; so, in 1901, possessing, evidently, the restless spirit,



*A driveway on the Saunders farm, with maple, ash and willow trees, some of them more than 25 feet high, all planted by Mr. Saunders.*





*The prairie-raised children, now quite a husky lot.*

he threw up his job and followed the pathway of the sun across the Atlantic. He had decided he would go in for farming in Canada. His available funds carried him to Manitoba. Farm work was not so easy to get those days as at present, but he managed to find a job as section hand on the railroad, near Brandon. Bearing in mind the saying that, "a man is only half a man till he's married," he saved enough by the fall to return to London and carried out that purpose. It took two years further saving to accumulate sufficient funds to come back to Canada, but back he came in 1903 with his wife and infant, traveling steerage.

#### *Life in a Sod Home.*

In Manitoba they hired out to a farmer and after seeding operations were completed, he and a companion, with a wagon and a team of horses, "hit the trail" for the Promised Land in the area that was then the Northwest Territories. They followed the main line of the Canadian Pacific to Regina, then trekked north to Saskatoon, finally locating the homestead referred to some forty miles further west.

With a walking plow they broke several acres, set it to crop and built a sod house and barn. After fixing things up around the homestead, they started back to Manitoba in order to be in time for harvest work. Being desirous, however, of seeing more of the West whilst they had the opportunity, they routed back through the Big Gull Lake District to the Touchwood Mountains. At the

time, the country was but sparsely settled and they were, at times, considerably over a hundred miles from the nearest settlement. To-day, these districts are covered with prosperous towns and villages.

#### *Starting in Earnest*

Meanwhile Mrs. Saunders remained working in Manitoba. Saunders got work nearby during the harvest and when that work ended, went back to the section gang for the winter. When the spring came, accompanied by his wife and baby, he set off for his homestead to start work in earnest. For capital, he had about \$50, one-half interest in a team of horses, two cows, presented to him by a Manitoba farmer, and an abiding faith that he could "make good." Of farming experience, he had only what he had gained since coming to Canada—and that, very little. They moved into the sod house and went to work. "This sod house," said Mr. Saunders, "was the home of myself and family for seven years and a mighty cosy home, too. It was built in 1903 at a cost of about \$30 for lumber—door and windows. Three of our children were born under its roof. It was warm and comfortable in winter, cool in summer. For over two years it was practically the last house straight west of Saskatoon until you got through Eagle Hills, as there were no settlers in the Hills at that time, so we had no neighbors west of us. Prairie fires were our greatest concern in those days, but this danger grew less as the country settled."

They raised the first marketable crop of wheat the following year, hauling it 45 miles to Saskatoon and getting 45c a bushel for it. In eight years from the time they had started to homestead, they had prospered to the extent that they were able to buy the adjoining quarter-section, to acquire other land and to build a substantial home and outbuildings. Two years later, they were able to take their four children for a trip to the Old Country to visit their parents and relatives.

There is no room in this article for details of hard work, difficult times, sickness, discouragement, etc., but they were



*Trees planted on the prairie by Mr. Saunders.*

all encountered, faced with fortitude, and overcome.

If you get off the train at Perdue and drive three miles to Fairview Farm, you'll find it hard to realize that this was once a treeless prairie. Only twelve years ago it was raw prairie, treeless, uncultivated. To date, some 15,000 trees have been planted on the farm, some of which have grown to a height of 40ft., maple, poplar, mountain ash, willow and evergreens.

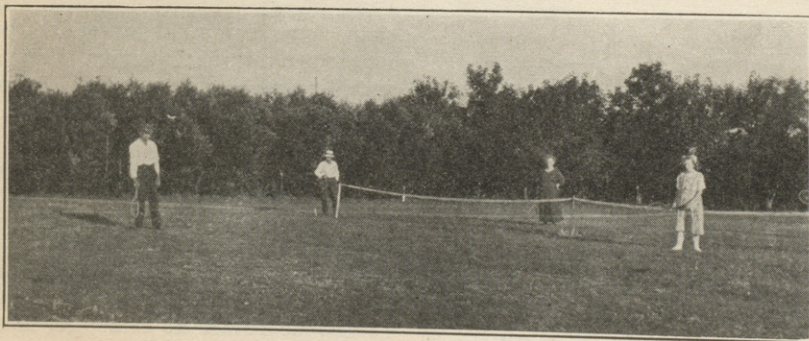
#### *Large Possessions*

The farm consists of 470 acres, running one mile south to the borders of Vanscoy Lake. Scattered over it are small islands of native aspen, which, having been preserved and cultivated, have grown to quite a size. With the exception of 100 acres, fenced for pasture, the balance is fenced and cross-fenced into 100 acre fields. The land is well cultivated, summer fallowed, well equipped and pastures some 16 head of horses, a herd of 60 Herefords and sheep and hogs. It is operated on the basis of 80% wheat, 20% cattle and hogs. Last year, Mr. Saunders harvested 8,000 bushels of grain, besides hay and other feed, and sold some beef and dairy produce.

#### *Spacious Grounds.*

From the northeast corner of the farm along the road allowance to the driveway, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, there is a thick grove of trees consisting of five rows of maple, poplar and willow. The driveway to the house is wide, lined with maples about 25ft. in height, backed by a thick carragana and lilac hedge. To the east there is a lawn where the children have their tennis court and horseshoe pitch and in the corner, a lattice summer-house, buried in Virginia creeper. The garden lies to the north, completely surrounded by groves of trees. Here also is a young orchard of plums, apples, etc.

"Most of these trees were planted after chores," Mr. Saunders told me, "with the wife and kiddies to help me, and by snatching a day off now and then, in seeding time. Our home larder is



*Now there is a fine lawn and a tennis court.*





*All previous records of Canadian freight transportation were broken some weeks ago when this solid trainload of automobiles reached the Pacific Coast from Windsor, Ont., over Canadian Pacific lines. The distance of 2,932 miles was made in seven days, or exactly 169 hours and twenty minutes. The train which consisted of 40 cars, each containing six Ford automobiles, for the spring trade in British Columbia was more than a third of a mile long and was handled on practically passenger schedule.*

supplied completely by the farm, meat vegetables, eggs, dairy products and fruit, and even ice cream. We make ice in winter time, and before we sell the surplus cream, we make use of it for ice cream for the children and for eating with our strawberries in season."

Mr. Saunders' home is not pretentious, but it is substantial and comfortable. Plants of all kinds fill the windows, the furniture is inviting and books to suit all tastes abound. It has the cosy home touch, imparted by one of the best help-meets a man could have, and Mr. Saunders does not fail to remind you that his wife's untiring efforts in co-operating to make their home attractive to the family, is responsible for it. There are five children, ranging from 6 to 22 years of age, and you couldn't club them off the farm. They've had a taste of city life, but they're satisfied to remain where they are. "If the farm and its surroundings are made a pleasant place for young people, and they have the freedom and facilities for going to the city when they want to, the difficulty about keeping the young people on the farm is overcome," said Mr. Saunders. "My two boys have about grown up now and can run the place and in the future I can devote more time to looking after the trees and garden and I'm going to do it."

#### *The Reason Behind Success.*

Mr. Saunders is a lover of home; he considers his family first and is constantly thinking how he can make home more attractive and pleasant. He is of medium height, fair, well tanned, as is natural, with blue eyes that look you square in the face. You feel as if you had met a real friend. He does not brag—quite the opposite—but he is thankful for what he has and would like to see others who have no home to call their own settle in the West and acquire such homes.

Back of every successful man there is a driving power, some definite, tangible

reason for his success. I asked him outright if he was religious.

He answered that "that was rather a delicate question. Do you mean by religion, have I a conscience and do I believe in a Supreme Being? I have always tried 'to play the game' and to act on the square to all mankind. Though a member of a church, I don't profess to be a devout churchman. I am just an ordinary, everyday individual, a little outspoken at times and not always right, but try, to the best of my ability, to see the other fellow's point of view and judge my fellowmen as I would be judged myself.

"I, personally, have the greatest faith in the future of this Dominion of ours, especially of Western Canada. I am in sympathy with any organization that will bring about further development and settlement of our Great West. Looking back over the past 20 years, I cannot help being optimistic of the future. One has only to compare our progress for that short period with that of any other country to see the advantages that Canada, especially the West, has over all others. Just think, a country with less than nine millions of population, with a splendid railroad structure, big enough to serve ten times that number, with fast increasing manufacturing industries, illimitable natural resources and vast areas of agricultural lands that only await the necessary population to develop them. With all these advantages one wonders why it is that Canada has not, at least, double the population.

"I have always taken a great interest in immigration matters and in my humble opinion think that the reason why this country has not gone ahead more in the way of settlement is due to the many restrictions placed on immigration. The former policy of advocating that only settlers with agricultural experience or those intending to work on the land were asked and encouraged to come here was wrong. Canada needs, and has opportunities to offer all kinds of

people—capitalists, farmers, tradesmen, laborers. Experience is all right, but the willingness to work and learn wider local conditions is more important in a country like this.

#### *City Bred Farmers*

"As a Municipal Councillor and for fourteen years a member of the School Board and an official of other local organizations, it has been my privilege to attend numerous conventions where I have come into contact with people from all over the Western provinces. I have spoken to thousands of town-bred people, without any farming experience before they came here, who yet have made good as farmers, and others who have followed vocations here, entirely different to what they were formerly used to, and have succeeded."

He left me with these words, "We have never regretted coming to Canada. We had no capital when we came. We have always taken a great interest in tree planting and to-day have the reputation of having one of the most beautiful prairie home surroundings in the district. We are both on the right side of 50; have our old age provided for; have raised a family of five. We own a well-equipped farm, horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, and there isn't a mortgage or debt against us. We appreciate more than anything, however, that we have a home and surroundings of which our children are proud and which we hope will remain in our family for generations."

"Aye, the Builder, the Doer, the Winner of Ways;

He is shaping a realm with the toil of his days,

And no hero of old had a sturdier heart

Or more nobly performed what he saw as his part;

And the future he bears on his sinewy back,

Here's a hail and a hearth to the Man in the Shack."



# The Two "Marys" and Other ...



*Chrissie White and Henry Edwards, the Mary Pickford and Doug. Fairbanks of the British movies, were recently married, and the photograph shows them outside their cottage at Gracious Pond, Chobham, Surrey. The bridegroom is laying an old-fashioned garden path, and the bride seems to be registering affectionate interest.*

## Our Movie Feature

OUR movie feature is brand new, and as the movie producers do not, so far, advertise with us, and as the movie theatres do not, so far, send us large parcels of passes, we feel perfectly free to kick viciously in any direction. To start, let's have a real good kick at the British movies that are shown in Canada. Britain can, of course, produce excellent movies, and once in an age a good one arrives here by accident. For the rest, well, of all the peanut plots, and deplorable direction, and awful action, and punk photography—!

Proceed to the movie serial! It outdicks Deadwood Dick, it is the cheapest, meanest kind of barn-storming melodrama, it clogs up the Juvenile Courts.

Next! That Sheik stuff! Isn't it time it had a can tied to its tail? Shouldn't half of the Vaselines be sent back to the shoe-shine business and the wonderful girlyies be put again on the quick-lunch cash desk?

We are just getting up steam. Watch for the explosions in next issue!



*The one and only "Baby Peggy" in a new comedy.*



# ... Popular Screen Personalities



To the left is Mary, originally of Ontario, in "Rosita," a Spanish play where she upholds her Continental popularity.



Below are Alice Calhoun and Norman Kerry in the latest Vitagraph movie production, "Between Friends."



Eileen ("Babe") Sedgwick, who is a government express rider in a new serial which is said to be more reasonable and sensible than most. She is carrying her day's mail.





## Grain Transfer in Montreal's Busy Port



*A summer scene along Montreal's bustling harbor front; one of the boats that brings the grain from the Great Lakes and through the Lachine Canal to Montreal, where the cargo is sucked through the giant conveyors, to be stored in the elevators or re-discharged into the holds of ocean-going ships, one of which is seen beyond the Lakes vessel.*



## Oldest Pensioner of Canadian Pacific

*Charles Turner, Toronto, Has Relics of Napoleonic Wars in Which His Father, Sir Charles Turner, Played Active Part.*

FOLDED carefully away in a drawer in a Toronto home and backed with cotton to preserve it, is the flag of the Eleventh British Regiment which did signal service in the war of 1812 against Napoleon as well as the Peninsular War. It was owned by Sir Charles Turner, commanding the above regiment, and is now in the possession of Mr. Charles F. Turner, aged 92 years, 827 Bathurst Street, Toronto, the oldest pensioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Canada. Mr. Turner also proudly displays his father's medals, uniform and sword as well as the diary he kept all through the various engagements he was in, numbering 35 in all. He has also the ball that struck his father in the shoulder at Nivelles, all of which are priceless relics.

Sir Charles Turner was knighted for his efforts in establishing the present Canadian Militia. From 1831 until 1836, he was Inspecting Field Officer at St. John for New Brunswick and had a memorable war record, serving under Sir Samuel Hood at Madeira on Christmas Eve, 1807, as well as in the army under Wellington.

Mr. Charles Turner, who is extremely active and bright for his years, began his career as a freight clerk with the Great Western Railway at London, Ontario, later entering the service of the Canadian Pacific in the same capacity and serving until he was 72 years of age, a matter of more than 20 years. He was one of the first pensioners under the pension system inaugurated by the company, which is still in force with but one amendment.

At the time of the Trent affair in Ontario he trained a company of the York Rangers and was in command of the 20th Regiment after it came from England.

### UNCONTROLLABLE.

"I understand you are helping to hold an investigation."

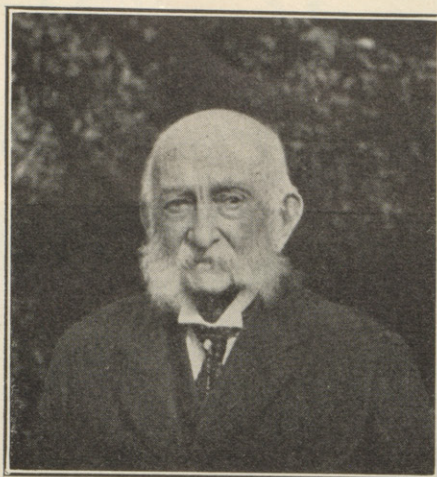
"Not strictly speaking," answered Senator Sorghum. "This investigation has got past the place where anybody can hold it."—*Washington Star.*

### GOOD NEWS.

"No new taxes this year!"

"That's good."

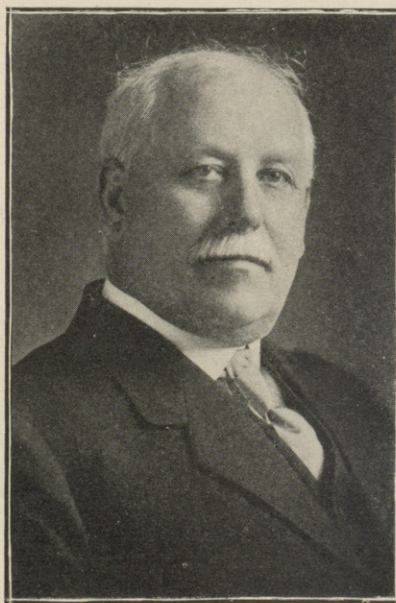
"They are increasing the old ones."—



Charles Turner  
C.P.R. Pensioner, now 92 years of age.

For the last sixty or seventy years, this great bully, Science, a sort of Gradgrind and Bounderby, rolled into one, has been bragging and blustering and pretending to know everything and telling its grandmother how to suck eggs, and coming the most tremendous howlers on every possible subject.

—ARTHUR MACHEN in his latest book, "Dog and Duck: a London Calendar."



R. W. Simpson, formerly assistant to the General Manager, Atlantic Region, Canadian National Railways, who has been appointed Assistant General Manager, Atlantic Region.

## Figure this Out Yourself

"MASTER, do you write the 'Answers to Correspondents' for this paper?" asked the stranger with the despondent countenance, as he leaned across the desk and heaved a rye-tinged sigh through the atmosphere.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Can you answer a little question of relationship?"

"Give me the facts, and I'll try."

"Here you are. When I was a baby my mother, a widow, married the brother of my father's first wife. He was my uncle, of course, but that made him my father, didn't it?"

"Your stepfather, you mean."

"Yes. Well, my mother got a divorce from my uncle-father, and then she married the eldest son of my father's first wife. He was my half-brother, wasn't he, and also my stepfather, wasn't he?"

"It looks like he was."

"That made mother my half-sister, didn't it?"

"I—I—guess it did."

"That's what I thought. Well, you see, my uncle's father had a daughter before he married mother. She was my half-sister, too, wasn't she?"

"I—I—I—guess she was."

"That's the way I put it up. Next thing was, my mother got a divorce from my brother-father, and he—my half-brother, you know—married my half-sister. That made her a kind of step-mother to me, didn't it?"

"I—I—I—"

"Well, never mind answering yet. My half-brother-stepfather died, and now my half-sister-stepmother and I want to get married, but we can't figure out if we can without being arrested for some kind of thingamy. We don't want to have our tyre punctured just as we get to speeding on the matrimonial flivver. What I want you to tell me is: What is my relationship to my brother, my uncle, my stepfathers, my half-sisters, my mother, my half-brother, my stepmother and myself, and if I can marry her without—why, what's the matter?"

The "Answers to Correspondents" editor had become unconscious.

### ESPECIALLY IN WASHINGTON.

"Don't you smell something burning!"

"No; I don't think I do."

"I don't either; but most people do if you ask them."—*Boston Transcript.*



## Labor Member for Northampton



*Miss Margaret Bondfield, elected during the last general election in Great Britain, as Labor Member for Northampton, rose from shop girl to a place in the Prime Minister's Cabinet, as Under-Secretary. She has been in the forefront of the Labor movement for a number of years.*



# Four and a Half Million More Votes for Women

Bill Which Has Passed Second Reading In British Parliament Will Provide You That Increase In England and Wales Alone.

**W**OMEN in England and Wales now have 18,386,000 votes. If the bill before the British Parliament for third reading becomes law, which seems probable, they will have 22,886,000 votes, an increase of 4,500,000. With the inclusion of Scotland and the north of Ireland, they would have 13,651,000 votes, or 1,486,000 more than the men!

*Shades of the suffragettes!*

**F**OUR AND A HALF MILLION WOMEN would be added to the Parliamentary electorate in England and Wales by a bill which has passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a vote of 288 to 72; and although government support was given to the measure, some London journals believe it to be doubtful whether time will be found in this Parliament for the further stages of the bill.

Nevertheless, remarks the London *Daily Express*, the principle of this enormous extension of the franchise has received the assent of a great majority in the Commons, and it is obvious that the new experiment in Government and legislation cannot be long delayed. It is noted that the bill now goes to committee, and this daily points out that if there is a genuine desire for it to proceed the Government will give facilities to enable it to be passed into law.

## Reign of Woman.

This newspaper then says:

"If or when this bill or another on the same lines becomes an Act the reins of Government in this country will have passed definitely from the hands of men to those of women. The male voter will be in a minority, and, whether the time be long or short before the women who have won the vote make full use of their power, candidates for Parliament will depend for their election or rejection on the mind, mood, and purpose of women electors.

"This is a tremendous constitutional change. For our part we do not shrink from it and we do not fear it, for it is the natural consequence of that enfranchisement of women which has brought good and not evil to the counsels of the State. In that Utopia of the mind which can be no more substantial than a dream, the franchise in a true democracy would be restricted rather than enlarged. In such a State an educational test of fitness would be imposed on all who sought the power and the responsibility of a vote.

"But we must live in a practical world, and there is neither logic nor reason by which the exclusion of women from the rights of franchise now enjoyed

by men can be justified or defended. Women have shaken off their fetters and have proved their worth as citizens. They deserve to vote on an equality with men, and we believe that they will learn to use it for the safety and advantage of the State."

## Residence Qualification.

The Parliamentary correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* calls attention to the fact that besides equalizing

become law in the present session. Liberals gave solid support to the second reading but will try to lighten it in committee."

The *Daily Chronicle* summarizes the change that would happen in England and Wales in the position of men and women voters, if Mr. Adamson's bill passes, as follows:

	Now	If Bill Passes
Men ..	10,496,000	10,496,000
Women ..	7,890,000	12,390,000
Total ..	18,386,000	22,886,000

"Including Scotland and Northern Ireland the vote would be: Total 25,816,000, divided approximately into 12,165,000 men and 13,651,000 women."



THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT'S FEMININE CONTINGENT

Left to right: Lady Astor, the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Terrington, Mrs. Wintringham, Mrs. Philipson, Miss Jewson.

—The *Daily Express* (London).

the franchise as between men and women—which means reducing the qualifying age for women from 30 to 21—the bill proposes to assimilate the Parliamentary and local government franchises and to make residence the only qualification. According to this informant such an arrangement would disfranchise a great number of men who are now on the register in respect of the occupation of business premises. He tells us further:

"Mr. W. M. Adamson, who introduced the bill, admitted that the proposal for the assimilation of the Parliamentary and local government electoral systems has not received adequate consideration, and said he would not press it against the general sense of the House.

"The bill is heavily overloaded, and has little or no chance of passing as it stands. But the support given to the proposal to grant votes to women on the same terms as to men was so large that if the measure is confined to that it may

## MAKING IT CLEAR.

A titanotheriid has arrived in this country from Asia. That didn't mean anything to us until the scientists kindly explained that a titanotheriid is a perisodactyl upulate. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

◇ ◇ ◇

## NO PARAGON!

"Ah, a beautiful night. It only lacks the song of the nightingale in the garden!"

"Yes. Father is very dissatisfied with our gardener!" — *Meggendorfer Blaetter, Munich*.

◇ ◇ ◇

## A SURE SIGN.

Married Man (early in the morning): "It must be time to get up!"

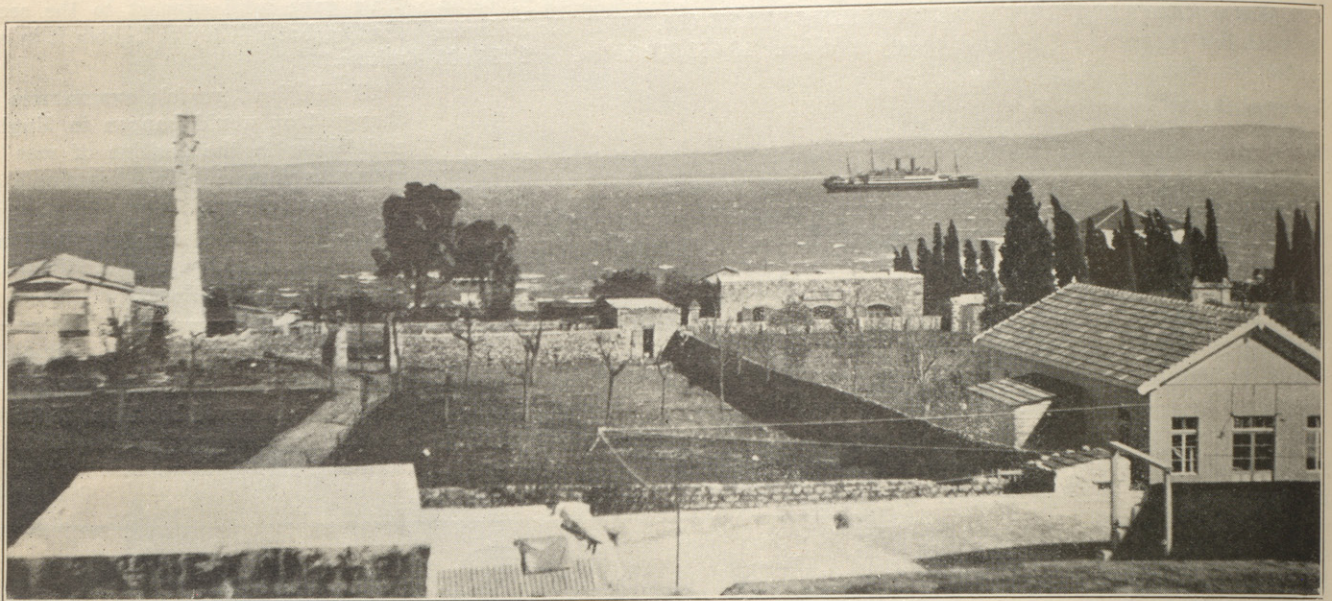
Wife: "What makes you think so?"

"Baby's asleep!" — *Karikaturen, Christiania*.



# Visiting Strange Climes with the "Empress of Scotland"

Written for Canadian Railroader by S. L. CULLEN



*Beautiful Haifa, the gateway to the Holy Land, one of the many historic places visited by the "Empress of Scotland."  
Ship is seen lying off-shore.*

ON the morning of March 11th a great Canadian Pacific liner dropped anchor in the harbor of Plymouth, England, bringing the first of the American and Canadian tourists to arrive this season. They had left New York on January 14th and for two months their home had been the Canadian Pacific 25,000-ton liner, "Empress of Scotland." During those weeks they had learned to love the ship, as one loves a home, and as the tender brought them shoreward, the sweet, crisp air above Plymouth Harbor was shattered by three cheers "For the Empress."

These travellers from the States and Canada were a fortunate lot. Visiting far and strange ports, they talked with persons of out-of-the-way places and travelled many thousands of miles, during the entire trip enjoying luxury equal to, if not exceeding, that obtainable in the best hotels and homes. Their home went with them; it was the "Empress of Scotland."

Leaving New York in the dead of winter, they steamed for Halifax, and there journeyed to Funchal, in Madeira, off the west coast of Africa—Madeira, the playground of nobility, the gem of the Atlantic. At each port were delightful shore excursions. From Madeira the ship proceeded to Cadiz, in Spain, which the tourists explored, later going by railway to Seville.

Leaving Cadiz the "Empress of Scotland" steamed to Gibraltar and then to

Algiers, on the North Coast of Africa. Here was the first touch of the East—Algiers, a dream city, colored like old marble, clinging to a hill-side where once Corsairs watched that they might prey on shipping.

The next stop was Alexandria, where ample time was allowed for excursions to Cairo, the heart of a strange world. Leaving the latter city the travellers journeyed to the Pyramids and to Luxor, to the Valley of the Kings, where they peered into the final resting place of Tut. Others went to Assuan, still further up the Nile.

Even there, in the land of dead things, the tourists lived in comfort. Out on the desert food was waiting for them, food equal in quality to that obtainable in London. And there was a staff of skilled waiters to serve it!

The next port was Haifa, the gateway to the Holy Land. One of the distinguished passengers was Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston. He had come with his suite on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. After completing the journey His Eminence returned to the "Empress of Scotland" and continued to Naples, where he left the cruise in order to spend some time in Rome. On leaving he expressed regret at quitting the ship.

In the Holy Land the tourists visited Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jericho, Damascus, Jerusalem and other sacred spots. From

Haifa the ship steamed to Constantinople, past the Dardanelles and up the Bosphorous to the Dead Sea. The travellers "did" Constantinople and then proceeded to Piraeus, in Greece. From this port they were conveyed by motor to Athens. The next stop was Naples whence trips were made to Pompeii and Rome, the Roman Catholic members of the cruise being received by His Holiness Pope Pius.

Then came a visit to Monaco, Monte Carlo and Nice. This included a drive by motor along the famous Riviera, and an evening at the Casino, at Monte Carlo.

The next stop after Monaco was Lisbon, Portugal. After visiting here the tourists journeyed out to Cintra, where the King formerly resided. Then the Empress proceeded to Cherbourg, and finally, one bright morning, stuck her great prow into Plymouth Harbor where a special train was waiting to carry the passengers to London. Here they were met by the best motor-cars obtainable, and housed in the Hotel Cecil.

During the entire trip the passengers were cared for to the smallest detail by the Canadian Pacific Railway. In all the miles of travel there wasn't a single hitch. Everything was waiting for the tourist when he arrived at the various points of the trip, whether in the heart of London or on the hot sands of the African desert.



# What is Correct Vision?

A Sermon by REV. DEAN ARTHUR CARLISLE, Rector of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that you present your bodies a living sacrifice unto God, which is your reasonable service."

SCIENTIFIC men who make a special study of human vision and the structure of the human eye tell us that it is a very rare thing to find absolute perfection of sight in a man. The eye that seems to be altogether healthy and normal is often either near-

Strangely enough, we have the same divergence in practically every realm of human life. We have our near-sighted politicians to whom the "here and now" is the big issue, without a thought for the ultimate after-effects of their present decision; and we have our far-sighted ones whose eyes are so set upon the century hence that present situations are neglected.

We have our near-sighted social reformers to whom the crying evils and abuses that

they have no assistance to offer for the existing problem.

Correct vision, with a due proportion for what is both near at hand and far away, is just as rare in politics and in social service as it is in men's physical make-up.

I may be wrong, but I sometimes think that it is just as rare in religion. There are plenty of near-sighted religious men, before whom the only things of importance are the things that relate to themselves—what they believe, how they interpret this or that passage of Scripture, whether or not they are sure of salvation, how they view this or that so-called heresy; and there are plenty of far-sighted ones, to whom the great hereafter is all in all, what Heaven will be like, who will be there, how glorious will be the angels' songs amidst the splendid courts.

To correct spiritual vision, neither of these things is the most prominent or the most important. Surely there is something beyond my valuation besides Heaven; surely there is something this side of Heaven besides my faith.

My valuation through faith is not the most important thing—if I have the right kind of faith I can leave that to God; Heaven's reward is not the most important thing—I can safely leave that to God, too. But the important thing is what lies between—and that is how a living and saving faith expresses itself in its pilgrimage to Heaven.

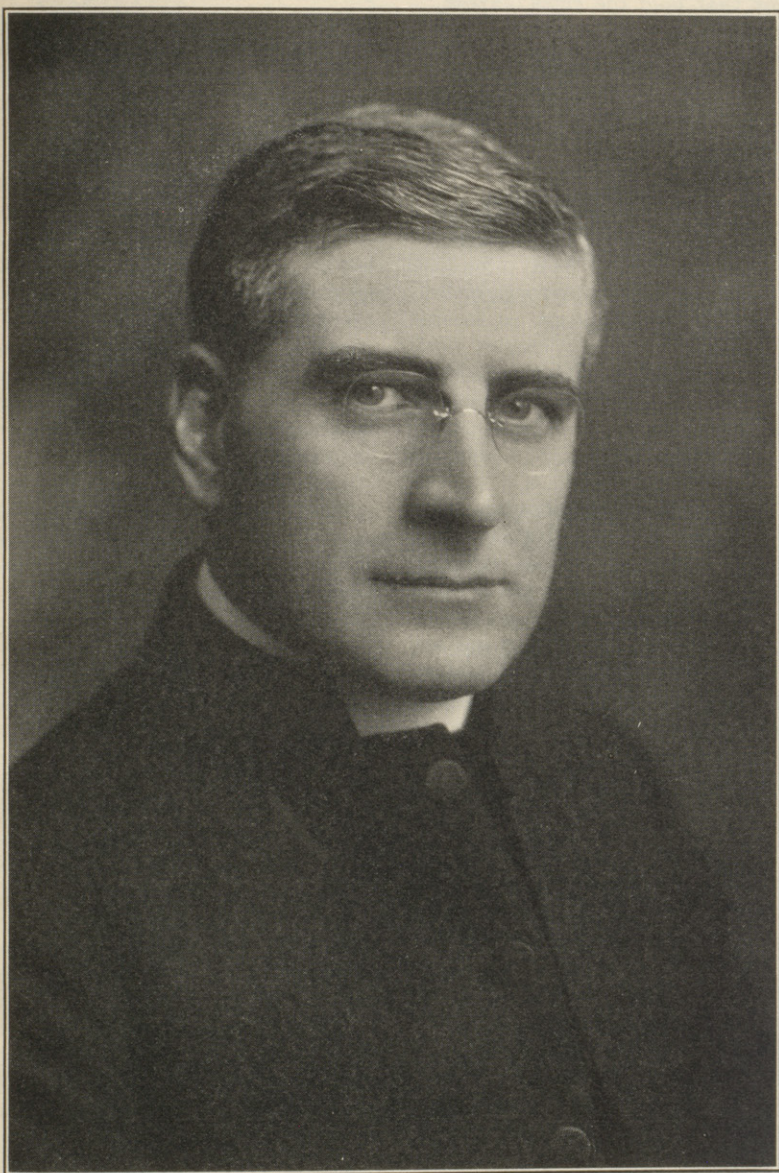
And that is what the apostle here refers to, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." It is wonderful to me that St. Paul found room in this marvellous epistle for this word. He had been talking of the profoundest things, the great miracle of our redemption and justification through Christ Jesus—and our final glory if we are but true to Him—and he breaks right off as if he would say, "That's all very well, but the test of it all is your consecration; therefore, present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." Do you see the importance, then, of my subject?

Your faith may be founded upon the most exact and literal interpretation of God's word—but the test of it all lies here. What does it lead you to do? Your public worship may be regular, reverent and devout,—but here is the test,—how does it lead you to act?

Your private devotion may be carefully and faithfully attended to, but here is the test,—what result does it have on your life? And no matter how rightly you may believe, or how faithfully you may worship, or how sincerely you may pray—if it all doesn't lead to some personal consecration of yourself to God, then there's something very seriously wrong. That, then, is the importance of consecration.

The question arises, then, what is consecration? And perhaps it will help us to be

*Continued on page 27*



Rev. Dean Carlisle

sighted or far-sighted. If it is the former then it sees clearly and distinctly only the objects that are close to it—everything far away is misty and indistinct. If it is far-sighted it sees only the objects far away with anything like precision, but everything that is close at hand is vague and indistinct.

abound on every hand constitute an irresistible appeal for the immediate application of a local remedy without regard to the final effect of this particular form of relief. On the other hand we have our far-sighted ones whose attention is so riveted upon the probable improved state of the next generation that



### Isle of Rest

Thou art beloved of sun and sea,—  
 Of silvery night—of glowing moon;  
 And 'round about thee tenderly  
 The summer breezes croon.  
 Thou'rt robed in tranquil loveliness  
 Of birchen groves and ferny bowers;—  
 Of streams that hold the skies' caress,  
 And fragrant wayside flowers.  
 No towering mountain heights are thine,—  
 No canyons—no forests wild,  
 And yet thy charms, like ancient wine,  
 Are potent, seeming mild.  
 Whose feet have pressed thy velvet strand,  
 Or crossed thy clover-scented lea,  
 May seek for gold in any land,  
 But wearied come to thee.

LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN.

Prince Edward Island.

+ +

### Old Age

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;  
 So calm are we when passions are no more.  
 For when we know how vain it was to boast  
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.  
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
 Conceal that emptiness which age deseries.  
 The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
 Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath made:  
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
 As they draw near to their eternal home.  
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view  
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687).

*I never knew any man  
 in my life who could  
 not bear another's mis-  
 fortunes perfectly like  
 a Christian.---Pope.*



*Continued from page 25*

able to answer this question if we consider our use of the word elsewhere. We speak of the consecration of a Bishop. By virtue of this act there's no visible change effected in him—he looks and acts just the same afterwards as he did before—he isn't one whit less human than he was—but he has a new authority. So that his consecration sets him apart for a definite purpose and enables him to do more than other men do.

We speak of the consecration of a Church. Here, again, there is no structural change produced. It is precisely the same length and breadth and height afterwards as it was before—it provides the same shelter and protection from sun and wind and storm as it always did. To the eyes of men there is no change at all. But, as a matter of fact, its consecration has set it apart for a definite purpose—and although it has not diminished the qualities which it possesses in common with all other buildings, it has actually added a new quality which other buildings do not have for its consecration makes it in a special sense the House of God.

We speak, too, of the consecration of the elements of bread and wine in the communion office. No matter what your view of the sacrament may be, you will agree with me that the mystic words spoken by the celebrant effect no discernible change in those elements. The most careful scientific analysis of them would reveal no new or no altered constituent. No—but, although the eye of man detects no difference, there is a difference, nevertheless. They have been set apart for a very definite and holy purpose. They haven't thereby lost a single one of their former qualities—but they have a new quality added to them, namely, that of nourishing the souls of faithful men as the Body and Blood of Christ. That's what consecration is when it is applied to these things—to Bishops, to Churches, to the elements in the communion.

It constitutes no visible change in them—it merely sets them apart for a definite purpose and adds a new quality to what they originally were.

That is, I believe, precisely what the consecration is that God expects of us. A consecrated man doesn't look in any way different from any other man. Indeed, if a man has to depend upon a long face, or upturned eyes, or clasped hands, or an assured air of piety, to convince people of his goodness, there's something wrong about him.

Moreover, he can go to any place or do any thing that other self-respecting men go to and do—and if a man has to prove his goodness by advertising certain things that he can't and won't do, I'm inclined to imagine that there's something wrong with him.

But, although he is just like other men in many respects, he has to remember that he is solemnly charged with a definite mission in his life, namely, to witness to God; and that, instead of being satisfied, as some men are, with a comfortable selfish life, or as others with a decent, respectable life, he has to consider always the necessity of it being a God-pleasing, God-witnessing, God-glorifying life.

## The Man's the Gold

**T**HE fact that lords and ladies of title suitably acknowledged plain Jimmie Brown and his wife as representatives of the King at Holyrood Palace has been the occasion for much snobbish comment in the newspapers. Whatever lords and ladies might be in title, they could not be lords and ladies in fact if they had been rude, or condescending or patronizing. That they played the game, and that writers saw in this something remarkable is merely evidence that the writers themselves were the snobs.

That, my friends, is consecration which God expects of us—living our life with an eye to God's glory. Consecration means hearing a voice above the voice of expediency and the voice of morality—it is the voice of God. Now let us see practically how it works out.

First, in relation to what one says. There is no doubt about it, the words we speak are very important. Sorrow and disaster have more than once followed upon thoughtless words. For every idle word, says Christ, we must give an account.

Expediency guides some men in what they shall say: "How are my words going to be received?" "Are they going to make me popular or unpopular?" "Will people like them or not?"

Morality guides other men. "Before I speak I want to be sure that what I am going to say is true—if it's true, if I cannot be condemned as a liar, then what does it matter?"

But consecration guides others,—Words must be not only honest, but they must be kind. "Would God have me speak?" "Will my words do any good?" "Will they add to the happiness, or the goodness of men?" Do you see—there's a new consideration, a new quality in the words of a consecrated man.

Second, in relation to our deeds. Actions, we declare, speak louder than words—and a man is only as good as his every-day deeds show him to be. Some men have no higher guide in this direction than expediency. "Is it wise for me to do this or not?" "How will my neighbors view it?" "Will it, perchance, interfere with my success?" Other men are guided by morality. "Can I honestly defend this course of action?" "Have I a right to do this thing?" "Can anyone question or dispute this right?"

But the consecrated man has a higher guide. "What is going to be the effect of my action upon others?" "Is it going to do them good or harm?" "Is it going to be a good or a bad advertisement for the religion which I profess?" "Is it going to bring glory to God, or not?" Do you see, consecration adds this other quality to a man's deeds.

Third, in relation to one's thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." No one can have the slightest doubt about the tremendous importance of what a man thinks. Men guided by expediency and external morality say: "It doesn't matter what we think. Nobody knows that but ourselves, and we'll never get into trouble for foolish

thinking. So long as we don't translate our thoughts into words or actions, we shall be all right."

Consecration says: "No. The mind is another province in which God must reign. He can read what men cannot see. He must see my mind filled as full of things pure and sweet and kind as I can fill it." It demands a new element, you see, in the unseen mental part of a man's make up.

That is what consecration is, my friends. God expects that of you and me. He has a right to expect it, too. For He created us with that end in view. It is He, moreover, who provides the breath we breathe and the food we eat—moreover, also, He redeemed us by the precious blood of His own Son from the power of sin—and He gives us His Spirit to guide and help us. Having done and given all that, He has a right to demand this return. And we ourselves acknowledge it. In our Baptism we are used as His soldiers and servants—in our Confirmation we, of our own free will and accord, dedicate ourselves to Him—in the Holy Communion we "offer and present ourselves," our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice unto Him. Yes, in all our Christian confession we declare:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small.  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

That's the language of consecration. It's not enough to keep yourself out of jail—it's not enough to be living merely decent, honest, respectable lives—we must be thinking at all times of how, by any and every means, we may bring glory to the name of our God.

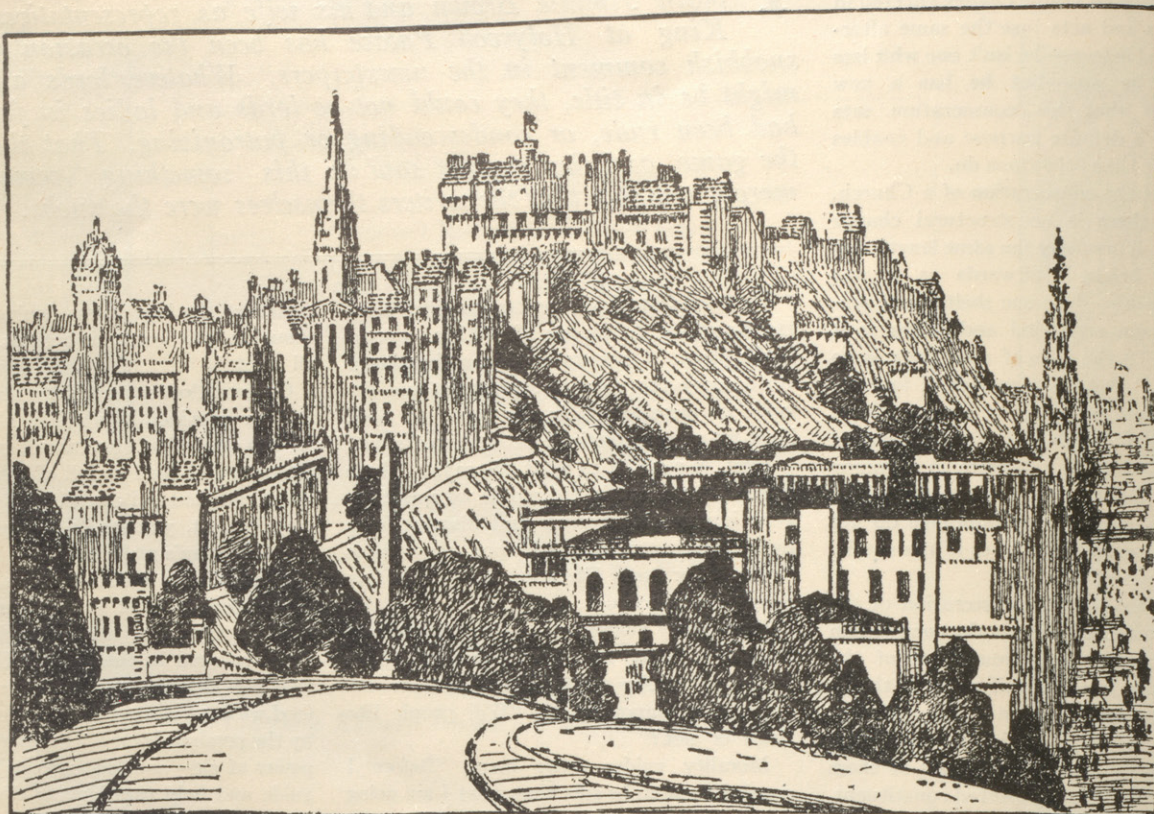
### THE MORAL.

The teacher was trying to impress on the children how important had been the discovery of the law of gravitation.

"Sir Isaac Newton was sitting on the ground and looking at the tree. An apple fell on his head, and from that he discovered gravitation. Just think, children," she added, "isn't that wonderful?"

The "smart boy" in the class did not seem impressed. "Yes, miss," he piped up. "And if he had been sitting in school looking at his books he wouldn't have discovered anything."—*McKendree Review*.





Edinburgh Castle

George Henry, R.A.

**S**OME of the railroads in Great Britain are now making use in their newspaper and other advertising of reproductions of pen drawings specially executed for the companies by members of the Royal Academy. Above is one of the drawings for the London Midland and Scottish Railway, "Edinburgh Castle," by George Henry, R.A. Part of the text accompanying the drawing in the advertising columns is given here:

"If Hans Andersen or Grimm had only lived in Scotland we might have had the *true* story of Edinburgh Castle instead of the heavy-footed version of the history books. He would have had the loveliest of all princesses living there—a princess who never slept on fewer than seventeen piled-up beds of softest swans-down. And over by Arthur's Seat, a mile away, would certainly have dwelt the fearsomest of dragons, hungrily awaiting his meal of maidens from the City below. St. Giles's would have resounded with tabarded heralds of the King proclaiming to the world his offer of half Scotland and all his daughter's hand to the gallant young fellow who would slay the beast.

"Historians did miss their chance with Edinburgh Castle—built only for fairy romance.

"But an artist has seized it. Mr. George Henry, R.A., has painted that Castle for the series of twenty advertising posters which the London Midland and Scottish Railway have commissioned from famous Academicians, and his version is the right one. His is a true fairy castle—a castle of derring-do and live-happy-ever-after. Seen from some low foreground of liveliest green it is poised against a sunlit sky. It gleams in sunlight; it oozes sunlight—so glowing as to bathe its walls and turrets in a trembling sun-haze of palest peat-smoke blue.

"A wonderful picture—revealing an Edinburgh which one would fancy must be leagues and leagues, seas and seas away, instead of . . . . . eight hours from Euston!"



Even the  
Labrador  
Eskimos  
make use of  
a wood build-  
ing material  
when it is  
available.



Photograph  
shows the  
remains of  
an Eskimo  
winter house  
of a type fre-  
quently used  
where timber  
is abundant.

## Where the Forest Ends

Travelling in Labrador—Hunting by Komatik—What the Eskimos eat and how they adapt their habits to a harsh environment

By F. W. WAUGH,

*Published by permission of the Director, Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa,  
and of "Illustrated Canadian Forest and Outdoors"*

IN the long-settled portions of Canada we take so much for granted that we can scarcely visualize conditions where timber is absent, or even noticeably scarce.

The Labrador coast in the vicinity of Nain, visited by the writer in 1921 and 1922, is in close proximity to the tree-limit. The next village or trading post northward on the map, is Okak, which is about twenty miles from timber. This used to be a fairly important place, but its population was nearly wiped out by the "flu" in 1918-1919. The line representing the tree-limit now swings in a northwesterly direction away from the coast towards the eastern shores of Ungava Bay, takes a bend around its southern end and thence falls away to the southwest towards Richmond Gulf on Hudson's Bay.

### *Intervening Barriers.*

The forest, over an immense region extending southward to a fairly straight line which may be drawn across country from the mouth of St. Augustine, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the bottom of James Bay, is far from being densely wooded as a whole. The rivers, with which the country is well provided, are fringed with timber, but there are intervening barrens of enormous extent.

A peculiarity of the Atlantic coast of Labrador is the wonderful barricade of islands extending from the Strait of Belle Isle almost to Cape Chidley. In fact, so closely are these islands set throughout a greater part of the distance



*Eskimo making komatik with modern tools. The runners are lashed together to secure evenness.*

that the coast at certain seasons could be navigated in a small motor-boat, or almost any kind of craft. For instance, a prospector, who drifted into Nain during the latter part of July, 1923, set out on a trip among the islands in a "flat," which resembles a punt.

### *Stands Here and There.*

Down north, to a point some 45 or 50 miles beyond Nain, there are stands of timber here and there around the bays and coves, and on the sheltered sides of the larger islands. The "livyeress," or

white settlers on the coast, refer to these stands as "drokes," and will often point out the spot where the timber was got for the ancestral shack, or the family fishing schooner.

Other essentials supplied by the rather scanty timber are: The dories and the flats used in fishing; and last, but not least, the komatik or sledge, which is practically the only means of getting about in winter. This is of Eskimo origin and is hauled by a dog-team of 8 to 12 sturdy Eskimo dogs or huskies.

The Labrador komatik is substantial and fairly heavy. The material is spruce. It is from 12 to 14 feet long, a couple of feet wide, with runners usually one and one-half inches thick. These are steel-shod, but are sometimes iced by applying water, an old-time Eskimo custom.

### *A Primitive Bark.*

Although most of the travelling is done on the sea ice, short-cuts are often made across projecting bits of land which are usually of the up and down variety. A "spanner," or loop made of heavy strips of "square-flipper" skin plaited, is thrown over the front of the komatik runners and acts as a brake by dragging beneath them, a very necessary proceeding in going down hill with a load. The driver and his companion, if he has one, also hang on and dig in their heels, but a wild ride is a common occurrence, with occasional upsets and accidents.

The only other method of winter travel throughout Labrador is by snowshoe. The type worn is the Montagnais. This



is broadly oval to nearly round in shape, and necessitates walking with a bit of swagger, but is probably the best for the mountainous country found along the coast and at various points inland.

After some of the heavy snowfalls a track has to be broken with snowshoes, before the going is firm enough for the komatik and dogs.

#### *Difficulty and Danger.*

In April and the early part of May, Labrador's winter highway begins to show signs of breaking up, a matter entailing considerable difficulty and even danger. A komatik may start out under favorable conditions, but presently fetch up in a stretch of ice dotted over with pools of water. The higher spots are, of course, selected, but the pools have a way of becoming gradually deeper and deeper, until at last the dogs are swimming and the komatik load is dragging under water. This means that driver and passengers are floundering in water, too, which is anything but enjoyable in weather which is still quite wintry. As a matter of fact, a sheltered place has often to be sought where a fire can be made and clothing dried. It is often late in June before the ice finally breaks up and the fishing craft can move about again.

#### *Hunting by Komatik.*

The early spring or winter hunting of caribou necessitates a komatik and dog team, as a long trip has usually to be made into the country. Similar trips, during the coldest part of the season, are often made inland for white fox trapping, or "furring" as the settlers call it.

Among the most severe tests of endurance are the trips made by komatik to the edge of ice, which in mid-winter may be 30 miles or more off shore. The wind has a frightful sweep in the open and it takes a very hardy man to face



*Eskimos getting fuel in July. Head coverings and outer smocks are worn to keep off mosquitoes.*

the "stem," or head-wind in below-zero weather with no shelter except what can be made with komatik or a few blocks of snow. The hunter brings with him his sleeping-bag, for staying over-night, and often a small boat for picking up the seals which he shoots. White clothing is worn in stalking the seals, and a screen of white material is often held in one hand or pushed along the ice. For food the hunter has whatever he has brought, usually some dried seal or caribou meat, and perhaps also some dried fish. If a seal is shot, he has the fresh, warm meat, eaten raw.

#### *Fuel Question in Labrador.*

Wood for fuel is another absolute essential for white occupation. The local supply consists almost entirely of spruce. Sometimes logs are found which have been uprooted by the torrents descending from the hills in the spring, but the bulk of the firewood is derived from standing timber killed by borers, which in a number of places was estimated at fully 10% of the total forest. This borer-killed timber is of almost inestimable value in

any sort of inland travel which includes camping.

The liveryes and Eskimo are both amusingly improvident in the matter of wood. A winter's supply, or even a part supply, is seldom laid up in advance. This necessitates a komatik trip every day or two during the entire winter. At Nain the near-by locations have been pretty well cleaned up, so that it is necessary to go 5 or 6 miles or more "wooding," as the operation is called. Carrying the wood out to the komatik trail is called "Spelling" it out. Some of the "planters" who run small fishing plants on the outer islands have to haul wood 10 or 12 miles.

At Okak, where the tree-limit is 20 miles or so away, wooding is a distinctly serious business, and fuel is said to have acquired, in the prosperous period of the settlement, a considerable cash value, so that people were formerly glad to pay as much as a dollar for a log that a man could shoulder and carry easily.

#### *Forests Essential.*

Okak has at present only three or four families, one or two of them being white, and the remainder Eskimo, and is absolutely the last point at which the liverye or settler of English descent has made a successful attempt to live. In other words, Labrador is practically uninhabitable, measured by the most primitive European standards, beyond the forest line. The slender timber resources are absolutely essential to the widely-spaced white population found as far as Nain and a little beyond.

It is rumored locally that an official estimate has been made of the timber of this portion of Labrador, presumably with the idea of getting a line on its commercial value, but the answer to any proposal to convert Labrador timber into cash is found in the waste extending north of the forest line.



*Setting out from Nain by Komatik in the early Spring*



### Devastation by Fires.

Fires, in Labrador, have laid waste immense areas and have played their part in rendering many parts uninhabitable.

It is estimated by a recent writer that three-fourths of the country has been laid waste within the period of white occupation. The thin layer of organic matter is burned away and only rock and sterile subsoil are left, in which no reforestation can take place.

Another of the immediate effects of fire is to destroy the caribou moss (a lichen of the genus *Cladonia*) and drive the caribou to other parts.

A settler, who furnished a list of fires occurring in the Nain region within his recollection, attributed several to lightning, although he admitted that this was supposition. Several of the fires are stated to have come from the direction of the Indian country inland.

### Forest and Animal Life.

The principal difference in animal life noted as the edge of timber is passed is the transition from a woodland to a barren ground fauna, although there is some overlapping of barren ground animal life into the woodland area, the reason no doubt being that the timber is restricted to river valleys and similar locations, and that barrens are everywhere found adjacent to or surrounded by timber.

The Arctic climatic belt also really bends southward a considerable distance along the coast, so that, in northern Labrador, climatic conditions are mostly better inland, where we find a faunal belt called by biologists, "Hudsonian."

Typical animals of the barrens are: The barren ground caribou and the white fox, the latter affording a considerable source of income to coast residents. Conspicuous birds are the ptarmigan which migrate in winter to near the edge of timber and forage among the dwarf birches and willows. The snowy owl is also often seen, and, like the ptarmigan, is frequently shot and eaten.

The black bear is fairly abundant to the edge of timber on the Atlantic coast, also the red fox, marten, muskrat, mink, weasel, and porcupine. Occasional otter and lynx occur. Beaver have been seen in the Nain region, but are extremely rare.

### Changes in Plant Life.

Plant life also undergoes marked changes at the edge timber. Berries, which are abundant in timbered country, disappear rapidly. Dwarf willows and birches are found on the barrens, but one of the most abundant plants is probably the lichen upon which the caribou subsists. This does not make its appearance at all suddenly. In fact, it grows



"Lioyeres" and Eskimos whip-sawing logs into boards.

abundantly far south of this point, but it is probably the most important plant of the barrens.

Two of the best and most abundant berries of the timber-line region are: the "partridge berry" (*Arctostaphylos*) and "bake-apple" (*Rubus chamaemorus*). 1921 was an off-season for bake-apple. Something, probably late frost, destroyed the blossoms of fruit; but the partridge berry was fairly plentiful. Both the whites and Eskimo get out after these, as they make excellent jam and sauce.

### Blueberries Scarce.

A couple of small blueberries are found in some places, but are rather sparse and hard to gather.

### "Let Not Ambition Mock!"

I'd like to be a traffic-cop and bawl the public out; I'd like to make them people hop and hear my victims shout. And when them smart guys on a spree, try to take a leg off me, I'd take their numbers one-two-three. I'd see old Skinfint in his car a-breakin' all the rules; I'd lock him up behind the bar with all the other fools. And when old Jaypod came to town and played me fer a no-good clown, his old bone head I'd surely crown. I'd like to be a traffic-cop and get the drivers sore; I'd surely make them people hop and on their heads I'd pour, a nasty language known by me accompanied by my guarantee to separate them from a fee. You bet I would—gol-gosh-darn-gee!

—From N. BERESFORD SHIELDS' "Steering Colyum" in "Canadian Motorist."

A berry which is very plentiful in some regions is the high-bush cranberry (*Viburnum opulus*; var. *americanum*). Some large patches were found on a couple of the inland rivers. Another is the foetid currant, which resembles the red currant and grows in sunny, sheltered situations, inland from Voisey's Bay and Nain. There is a decided skunk-like flavor to the berries, which does not prevent them from being excellent eating. These are also plentiful in northern Ontario and Quebec.

The raspberry—the bush, at any rate—is found inland from Nain, but the berries are very rare and the fruit is very obviously at the extreme northern limit of its range.

### Mushrooms Plentiful.

Fungi or mushrooms, of quite a number of species, are abundant, at least to the tree-line. Many of the species are edible, but none of the residents appear to know anything about them, with the exception of a russula with which the missionaries were acquainted.

The Eskimo at Nain are very fond of vegetable foods and make use of quite a variety. In the spring they eat the young willow leaves raw. They also use as greens several inland and maritime plants, including some of the seaweeds.

Caribou moss evidently has some food value, as the contents of the first stomach of the caribou are often cooked and eaten. It is, however, rather bitter and unpalatable to the European taste.

Another use for caribou moss is as an ingredient in dog-feed, especially when food is scarce.

### A DIG FROM LONDON.

Dr. Mersing claims that he caused a mouse to grow almost as large as a cat. We understand that he has already received many inquiries from fellow-Americans if he can do the stuff cheaper by the case.—*London Opinion*.



# Competition and the Appeal to Force

An argument that contains accepted conditions of peace are, in effect, preparation for war

Written for Canadian Railroader by J. B. M. CLARK

*Gentlemen no longer combat, in the ordinary sense of the word; that is left to the rough-neck and the movie hero; but Mr. Clark contends that competition looks very like the blood-brother of combat. You may not agree with the line of reasoning, but you will probably find it stimulating and setting up a question mark or two in your mind.*

**N**OW that thinking men the world over are bestirring themselves into collective action on the question of substituting the appeal to reason for the appeal to force in the settlement of world problems, it may not be amiss to attempt some analysis of the impulses that tend to drive human beings in the direction of imposing their wills upon one another by force of arms. For in this, as in other vital questions, an ounce of prevention will be well worth a ton of cure. Heroic remedies for full-blown evils are vastly more expensive and infinitely less effective than removing the basic causes of such evils, on precisely the same principle that modern medicine is now following when it concerns itself with keeping people well, rather than waiting till they get sick before taking them in hand.

## The Animating Spirit

First of all, then, it may not be out of place to pay a little attention to what is known as "competitiveness", with a view to ascertaining whether or not it has any connection with the more dangerous quality known as "combative-ness". And right at the outset we are struck by a similarity in the etymology of the two words. The roots are significant: "petere—to seek, to strive after;" "battere—to beat, to fight".

The difference is really one of degree rather than of kind. It is but a step from striving after to fighting for—in-  
deed it is the logical step when the striving reaches a certain pitch of intensity.

If men are going to place themselves or be placed in competition for certain definite aims and objects, the decks are in a manner speaking cleared for potential combat, entailing as the case may be either wordy arguments or broken heads. The animating spirit is the same.

## It Is Not the Thing

But, however closely akin the words may be in root meaning and significance, modern usage has assigned to them quite a distinct and separate classification. To "combat" for a desired end is, reckoned by leaders of thought and fashion, a

procedure in doubtful taste. Gentlemen no longer combat; it is left to the rough-neck and the motion picture hero. It is not the thing. Quarrels are settled more or less satisfactorily by the law of the land. Violence and blows are coming to be regarded more and more as simply indicative of a lack of proper control.

The combative impulse or fighting spirit in man is, of course, an elemental instinct. It has come to him from his brute ancestors. That it should still be found playing so large a part—nay, indeed, the decisive part—in the settlement of present day international problems cannot fail to be a source of serious and disquieting reflection to those upon whom has devolved the task of shaping the destinies of nations.

It is a cause of further disquiet, too, to observe the extent to which the fighting instinct is played upon by those very persons whose duty it is, or should be, to elevate public thought and inculcate the moral lesson, and who have such a power for good or for evil in their hands. I refer to the writer of fiction and the author and producer of the motion-picture play. The latter in particular, with the enormous audiences they entertain daily, can hardly be said to be making quite the best use of their power and influence, at any rate in regard to the subject matter under consideration—if they are not, indeed, deliberately pandering to the lowest instincts of the masses.

## Glorify the Combat

For almost without exception, larger houses and smaller houses, better-class and worse-class, they glorify the combat. Cheers ring out as the hero twists the neck of the villain, smashes his face, or throws him over a cliff. Pictures are

**"Cheers ring out as the hero twists the neck of the villain, smashes his face, or throws him over a cliff. . . . Primitive impulses are stirred in the bosoms of audiences, and a low form of mob psychology is frequently appealed to with effect."**

shown and applauded in which men are to be seen rolling over and tearing at one another after a fashion the brutes themselves might well envy. The use of knives, daggers, bludgeons, pistols, and other death-dealing weapons is the common rather than the unusual in these spectacles. Primitive impulses are stirred in the bosoms of audiences, and a low form of mob psychology is frequently appealed to with effect.

So much meantime for combativeness. With competitiveness it is altogether different. Competition, we have been commonly taught, is quite a desirable thing. To compete is a laudable act. "Competition is the life of trade" has passed into the ranks of the proverbs, and "healthy competition" is extolled in many eminent quarters as something that draws out the very finest and best qualities in human nature.

Its close connection with, and dangerous nearness to, combativeness, seems to have been almost altogether overlooked, and it has been somehow or other assumed, on what ground is not clear, that you can rouse in the individual the spirit of rivalry and emulation—in other words the "fighting impulse"—without arousing in the same way and at the same time the kindred emotions of jealousy, vanity, antagonism, and even positive hatred, with which they are inextricably interwoven.

That this can safely be done is, I submit, exceedingly improbable. It may be painfully cultivated by the exceptional person; it is very far from being the everyday practice of the average citizen.

## Is It Contradiction?

Is it really established that such a thing as "healthy competition" exists at all? Is not the expression a contradiction in terms? The moment the element of competition is introduced the door is opened to antagonism, envy, and dislike.

To sow the seeds of rivalry and strife and expect to reap the fruits of co-operation and goodwill seems altogether unreasonable.

Yet so long as the rising generation is trained along such lines it does not seem likely that much will be achieved by getting together with the representatives of other nations at Washington Conferences and suchlike and passing pious resolutions.



The perilous fallacy of the appeal to force will always tend to be the resort of a nation whose youth has been taught that the road to glory lies in being able to "lick" the other fellow, either in the personal encounter, in the classroom, or in the business world.

#### "Congratulations, Old Man!"

"Our remote ancestors," writes Dr. David Orr Edson in his fascinating work, "Getting What We Want", "and some of their present-day descendants, if worsted in any test of skill or strength, mental or physical, immediately sought relief by belittling the adversary. Our humiliated forebear who had been knocked down by another man, fought desperately to regain achievement and recognition by explaining that his own foot had slipped or that his opponent had resorted to unfair tactics. Today a higher civilization has opened a new road whereby the defeated may turn his inferiority into supremacy.

"Present-day man, because of present-day standards, always has a line of escape open from the unendurable humiliation of defeat. He is beaten in a running race, a business deal, a civil service examination. He hears the cheers and sees the award bestowed on the victor. He himself can share in the cheers and gain a victory himself by holding out his hand to his conqueror and saying: 'Congratulations, old man. I have been beaten by a better man than I.'"

#### Only Dimly Perceived?

But if a door of escape such as Dr. Edson suggests is thus opened for the wounded ego, how many of our citizens are advanced enough to take advantage of it, or how many take advantage of it in the letter only and not in the spirit?

Are we justified in introducing the element of competition wholesale into practically every walk and department of life as we do at present, when the way of escape from thwarted or strangled emotions or ambitions (with their tremendous and far-reaching mental and psychical disturbances) is only beginning to be dimly perceived?

Are we not encouraging the many to set fires and leaving fire drill and the fire escape to the few?

Anyone who has handled classes will readily appreciate my point. To spur pupils on to more strenuous efforts in order to equal or better the performances of other students, while at the same time strictly forbidding antagonism or jealousy or vexation or wounded pride, looks unpleasantly like sheer silliness.

Pupils themselves are aware of it, and when they are forced by the bitterness of defeat into "being sports" a strain is imposed upon them that few of them can endure.

**"The perilous fallacy of the appeal to force will always tend to be the resort of a nation whose youth has been taught that the road to glory lies in being able to 'lick' the other fellow."**



They have been set on a course that flouts the elemental passions and runs contrary to the whole make-up of human nature.

#### Authorities Disagree

Authorities, of course, do not agree on the point. Many years ago J. J. Rousseau, in his work "Emile", spoke of rivalry between one pupil and another as too base a passion to play a part in an ideal education. "No rivalries," he says, "not even in running, as soon as he begins to have the power of reason. It were a hundred times better that he should not learn at all what he could only learn through jealousy or vanity. But I would mark out every year the progress he may have made, and I would compare it with the progress of the following years. I would say to him 'You are now grown so many inches taller, there is the ditch which you jumped over, there is the burden which you raised. There is the distance to which you could throw a pebble, there the distance you could run over without losing breath. See how much more you can do now.' Thus I should excite him without making him jealous of anyone. He would wish to surpass himself. I can see no inconvenience in this emulation with his former self."

This was the view of Sir Isaac Pitman of phonographic memory. "Whether or not there is something lacking in my make-up, I do not know," this indefatigable old gentleman wrote to a friend. "But never all my life did I feel any inclination to beat the other fellow. I have always been satisfied to beat my own best."

#### Rivalry at the Base

Professor William James, however, in his famous "Talks to Teachers on Psychology" disagrees with the foregoing. "To veto and taboo all possible rivalry of one youth with another," he says,

**"Whatever we may think of trusts in some directions, there can be no doubting the advantages they possess in point of economy and general effectiveness over unrestricted competition."**

"because such rivalry may degenerate into greedy and selfish excess, does seem to savor somewhat of sentimentality, or even of fanaticism. The feeling of rivalry lies at the very base of our being, all social improvement being largely due to it. There is a noble and generous kind of rivalry as well as a spiteful and greedy kind; and the noble and generous form is particularly common in childhood. All games owe the zest which they bring with them to the fact that they are rooted in the emulous passion, yet they are the chief means of training in fairness and magnanimity. Can the teacher afford to throw such an ally away? . . . . I must confess my doubts."

Professor James then goes on to tell us that the deepest spring of action in us is the sight of action in another:—that no runner running all alone on a race track will find in his own will the power of stimulation which his rivalry with other runners incites, when he feels them at his heels about to pass; that when a trotting horse is speeding, a running horse must go beside him to keep the pace.

#### Rejects the Example

With all due deference to the eminence of Professor James as a psychologist, I can only express my agreement with Mr. Rousseau. I must decline to be referred to the brutes for a moral example, whether trotting horses or horses of any other kind, any more than to the "brute" (for that is really what "deepest spring" means) in my own make-up.

We are striving all the time to get the brute down and hold him down, or at least materially to modify his demands. Little good purpose is served at this time of day by calling to our aid the elementary passion of rivalry. As for the "noble and generous rivalry" among children, in my limited teaching experience I cannot confess to having seen much of it, and I cannot help fearing such a condition is exceptional rather than the rule.

As far as concerns the competitive spirit in the world of commerce today it should not be necessary to say very much. Whatever we may think of trusts in some directions, there can be no doubting the advantages they possess in point of economy and general effectiveness over unrestricted competition. The duplication involved in the running of countless competitive establishments, each with its own clerical, executive, and administrative forces, its own travellers and agents, its own letter-heads, bills, and advertising, is enormous. The time and effort and energy and material wasted in this fashion are almost beyond computation.



No, the trust has come to stay. Business men realize this well enough.

The weakness of the trust lies in the power it puts into the hands of a few privileged persons, but that question, of course, does not fall within the scope of this paper.

#### Business Rivalry

Aside, however, from the waste and overlapping caused by free and unrestricted commercial competition, there is also engendered the old spirit of hostility and antagonism that is seen in the classroom. But among full-grown men and women this is liable to manifest itself in a highly aggravated form. Some of the hatreds born of this kind of rivalry are really dreadful, as everyone whose business experience has been at all varied must have seen at some time or other. And even among the best class of business men, those who are really making the most genuine efforts to conduct their undertakings in a just and proper manner, the toleration professed for business rivals is rather a skin-deep affair—if it is not something worse.

How, indeed, is it humanly possible for a breadwinner on whose exertions depend the health, happiness, and welfare of a dear wife and children, to feel amiably disposed towards those persons who are striving to the best of their ability to interfere with such bread-winning? The old idea was that "stern competition" was the acid test that decided who should or should not survive in a state of solvency in any particular line of business, but I submit that at this time of day we should be far enough on towards proper co-operative organization to be able to adjust such matters in some more workmanlike manner than by the rough and ready process of periodically reducing certain of our citizens to the borderland of destitution.

#### Rivalry of Nations

If, then, the spirit fostered and brought into being by competitiveness in the domestic market, between business house and business house, is thus harmful, when under the law the animosities engendered cannot find more dangerous expression than gnashing of teeth and bad language, tricks of trade, and even bankruptcy itself, what is to be expected when we pass to the rivalry of nations and competition between race and race, where there is no law to stay the hand and adjudicate in case of dispute?

Nothing more is to be expected than that which we find—the appeal to arms.

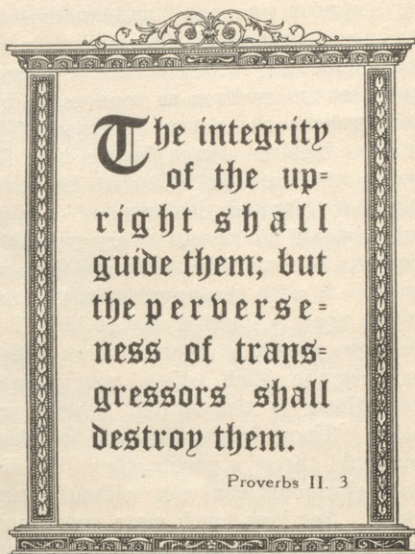
These rivalries are settled by the media of bombs, bullets, battles, poison gas and prodigious guns. They culminate in world wars. How can it be otherwise? It is trader against trader, country

against country, blast, counter-blast, and devil take the hindmost until the inevitable day of reckoning arrives.

It is surely time to think of something of a saner and more comprehensive character.

#### "A Truceless Fight"

"The two great external manifestations of national activity are trade and war," said the Rev. James Peile, M.A., Bampton Lecturer at Oxford University some years ago, in one of his lectures. "They are so nearly connected that the line between them cannot always be clearly defined—they are in fact two aspects of the same national rivalry. . . . Even when there is no question of armed intervention trade is still the counterpart of war in its merciless dealing with opponents, its indifference to the welfare of non-combatants, and its



calculated sacrifice of the rank and file of its own armies in the cause of ultimate success. The methods can only be described in metaphors of battlefields and siege; for it is essentially a truceless fight for what both sides desire and only one can possess."

And again: "We have tried competition to the full and it has made life into an unending struggle; nothing so respectable as a real war with its clear issues and definite results; but rather like the aimless, murderous bickering of savage tribes, which gives to the strong hand for a moment more than its share, at the cost of infinite material waste, suffering, and moral degradation. Those who have suffered most in the past have learned the lesson that in co-operation, sacrifice of a part of the individual claim, lies their strength."

#### Is It Only a Delusion?

The substitution of co-operation for competition in the world of commerce should, therefore, be kept steadily in view and constantly striven after, for to

imagine that we can continue to carry on trade wars, and at the same time eliminate physical conflict itself, is surely to entertain a curious kind of delusion. There is, alas, only too much ground for fear that some of our leaders have not quite grasped the full significance of the issue, that they confound the progress civilization has made through the cheerful toil and patient suffering of the crowd with some supposed inherent virtue in the long-established practice of competitive private trading.

There can be little doubt that if they continue to pin their faith to any such idea and do not resolutely face the issue, one serious obstacle will have been left in the way of the rising generation, and there will have passed from us an opportunity to be the instigators of a movement fraught with the most tremendous possibilities for the whole human family—the movement to bring all the peoples of the earth not into competition but into co-operation with one another.

It cannot too devoutly be hoped that such an opportunity will not go a-begging.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—Contrary views, if any? Let's have a letter.)

#### GLAD TO HEAR THAT "R. L. S." WAS NO SAINT.

Editor, *Canadian Railroader*.

Between you and I and the gatepost, "In Defence of Robert Louis Stevenson" was worthy of the author; still, I am very glad to hear that "R. L. S." was no saint, because I'd much rather have him as he was—it does not add to his glory to canonise a man when he is dead, with our puny religious formalities. When our light so shines that all the world may recognise our achievements our traducers are bound to suffer for their hastiness. Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson gave us "Treasure Island" and another great human being gave us "Lead Kindly Light." Robert Louis Stevenson may well have said "Suffer little children to come unto me for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven" and Cardinal Newman's popular hymn has rendered him immortality.

C. McE.

#### FULL OF SOUND AND FURY.

The Hostess: "Thank you so much, Mr. Krashoffski, for your beautiful playing. What do you think of the piano?"

The Pianist: "Ah, madame, I do not, in English, know how to politely express, but if it were an automobile, it is what they call it in America the Elizabeth of tin."—*London Humorist*.



## A Group of Smart Young Montrealers



*The new uniforms which the Montreal boys of the Canadian Pacific Telegraphs are proudly wearing these days are about as natty as uniforms can be. Bright boys all—who knows but that among them are a few who will some day be among the officers of the big company they work for. On the right of the back line stands J. Mitchell, Superintendent of Canadian Pacific Telegraphs, Eastern Division; in the centre is G. W. Bancroft, city representative, and on the left is George A. Arden, Chief of Delivery Service.*

### Three Thousand Miles of Borderline

Three thousand miles of border line, one hundred years of peace!

In all the page of history, what parallel to this?

In times when warring nations' thoughts are crazed with Hate's hot wine,

How God must look with pleasure down upon that border line.

From Maine it runs, through lake and stream to Manitoba's plain,

From Winnipeg to Kootenay, on, on and on again;

Through farm and ranch and forest range, o'er mountain, crag and steep,

To far Vancouver's garden home by broad Pacific's sweep.

Three thousand miles of border line, two nations side by side,

Each strong in common motherhood and Anglo-Saxon pride;

Yet each the haven and the home for all of foreign birth,

And each their final fusion point the melting pot of earth.

Three thousand miles of border line, nor fort nor armed host,

On all the frontier neighbor ground, from east to western coast.

A spectacle to conjure with, a thought to stir the blood,

A living proof to all the world of faith in brotherhood.

Three thousand miles of border line, now has a century

Seen aught along this common course but peace and harmony.

Oh! nations bound in brotherhood, Oh! faith in fellow-man!

What better way on earth to dwell, than this God-given plan?

Three thousand miles of border line, one hundred years of

peace,

In all the page of history, what parallel to this?

God speed that surely dawning day—that coming hour

divine—

When ALL the nations of the earth shall boast such border

line.

**Remember Page 57**

"GOAT **CHASE** BRAND"

**CAR PLUSH**

SANFORD MILLS - SANFORD, Me.

Standard in days of yore—Standard now

The luxurious Chase Plushes have the unqualified endorsement of America's leading railroads—combining beauty with extraordinary wearing qualities

Guaranteed Fast Colors

**L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON**

New York Detroit San Francisco Chicago

That critic who says the age of blind faith is gone should see some of the entrants in our beauty contests.





*A view of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, taken from the vicinity of the Chateau Laurier. The west wing is in the foreground, with a sideways look at the main building beyond it, on the right. Further on, is the east wing. The two wings and the circular library seen at the rear of the main building were the only parts of the original structure left after the great fire some years ago.*



## The Ebb-Tide

Sing to me softly, here in the twilight, here as the dusk falls  
low;  
Sing to me the songs of those far-off places, lands that I  
used to know.  
Sing to me a song of the sea-wind whining,  
And a song of the foam,  
For the ceaseless beat of the surf is calling,  
Calling me home.  
Let your song be of southern palm-trees, under a tropic moon;  
Of starlit sands and a coral reef that borders some far  
lagoon.  
For the years I have lived are many  
(And good years they!)  
In the South Pacific, that knew me well  
In yesterday.  
Then sing of the East and the sunrise, aglow on the China  
Sea,  
Of the years that are lost in the shadow, and the youth that  
is gone from me;  
And sing of the tide in Fundy,  
Where the west wind sways;  
And sing of the cold north icefields  
Of other days.  
And then, as the twilight changes to night, let your singing  
die,  
And leave me alone with my fancies, alone while I bid them  
good-bye.  
One by one they are fading softly with twilight's glow,  
Fading into the silent shadow of long ago.

CONSTANCE M. TROY, in *Chamber's Journal*.

## Conan Doyle and Spiritualism

SIR Arthur Conan Doyle tells in "Pearson's Magazine" of his early psychic experiences, and relates the story of how he came to take up the subject seriously. He writes:—

"It was when I was in general medical practice and before my leaving Southsea about 1886 that I planted the first seeds of those psychic studies which were destined to revolutionize materialistic views and to absorb finally all the energies of my life.

"I had at that time the usual contempt which the young educated man feels towards the whole subject which has been covered by the clumsy name of Spiritualism. I had read of mediums being convicted of fraud. I had heard of phenomena which were opposed to every known scientific law, and I had deplored the simplicity and credulity which could deceive good, earnest people into believing that such bogus happenings were signs of independent intelligence outside our own existence. I had no room in my brain for theories which cut right across every fixed conclusion that I had formed!

"I was wrong!

"The first thing which made me reconsider my position was the question of telepathy which was already being discussed by Barrett and others, even before the appearance of Myers' monumental work on 'Human Personality'—the first book which devoted to these psychic subjects the deep study and sustained brain power which they demand.

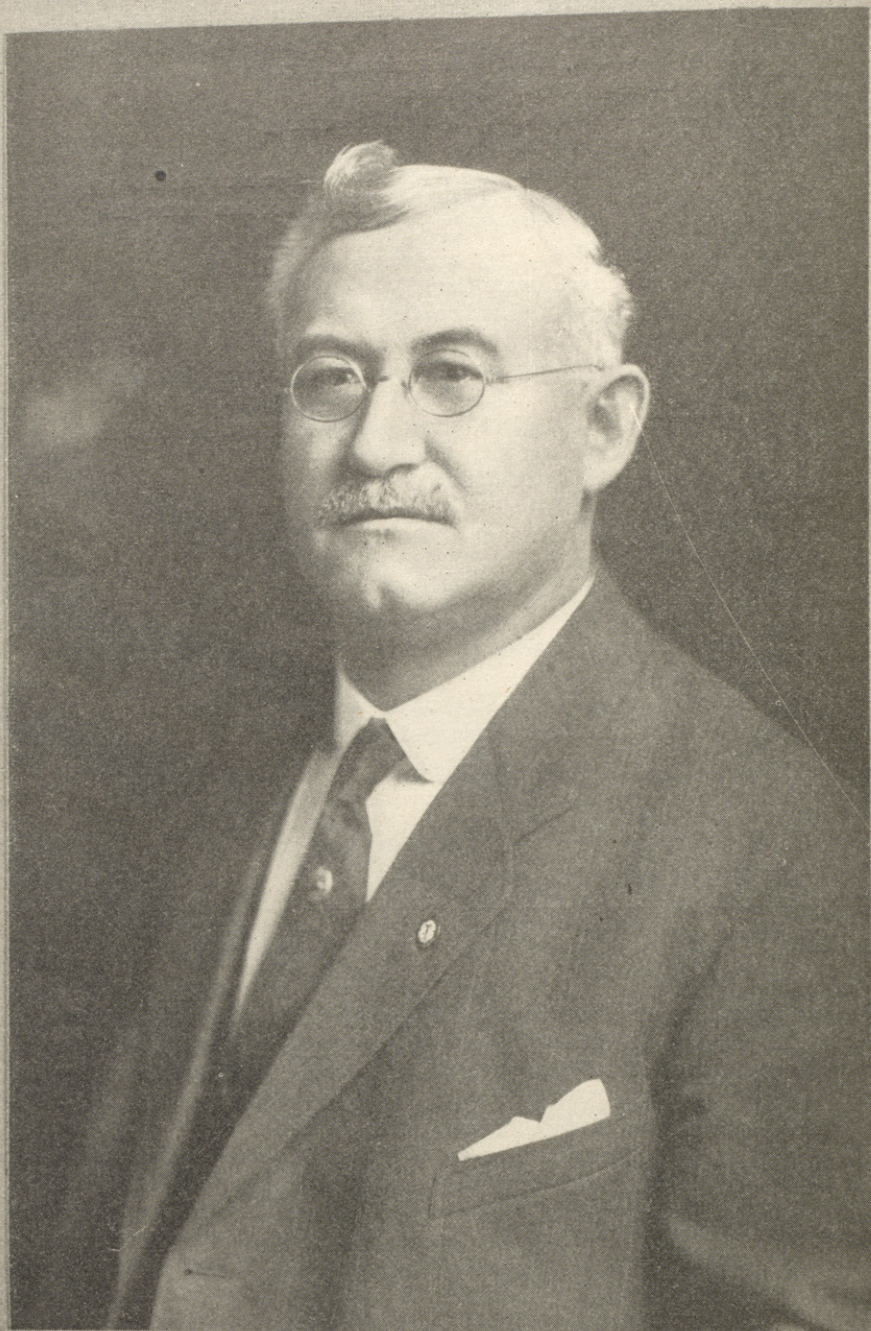
"Having read some of the evidence I began to experiment in thought transference, and I found a fellow researcher in Mr. Ball, a well-known architect in the town. Again and again, sitting behind him, I have drawn diagrams, and he in turn has made approximately the same figure. I showed beyond any doubt whatever that I could convey my thought without words.

"But if I could verify such conclusions up to six feet I could not well doubt them when the evidence was given me that the same results could be obtained at a distance. With an appropriate subject, and some undefined sympathy between the two individuals, it was independent of distance. The receiver had in some subtle way to be tuned to the transmitter. So the evidence seemed to show.

"About this time (1886) the family of a well-known general whom I attended professionally became interested in table turning and asked me to come and check the results. They sat round a dining-room table which after a time, their hands being upon it, began to sway and finally got sufficient motion to tap with one leg. Then they asked questions and received answers, more or less wise and more or less to the point. They were got by the tedious process of reciting the alphabet and writing down the letter which the tap indicated. It seemed to me that we were collectively pushing the table, and that our own wills were concerned in bringing down the leg at the right moment. I was amused but very sceptical.

"None the less there was a problem to be solved and I went on with its solution, reading the pros and cons, and asking advice from those who had experience."





*Frationally. W. G. Lee,*

W. G. LEE

President, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, who makes appeal regarding accidents to autoists at railroad crossings (see opposite page)



## "STOP - LOOK - LISTEN!"

**I**N a circular of instructions just issued to the members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, by President W. G. Lee, from headquarters at Cleveland, trainmen of the organization on American and Canadian lines are urged to further help to reduce the number of railroad crossing accidents. The message from President Lee reads:

"It is a well known fact that accidents at railroad crossings, and especially insofar as automobiles are concerned, have shown a steady increase from year to year, resulting in the death and injury of many persons. Several states, notably North Carolina, Georgia, Virginia and Illinois, have passed laws making it necessary for persons operating motor vehicles to come to a full stop before attempting to cross any railroad at grade. Surely it is the duty of our membership and organization to assist the railroads in reducing as far as possible the liability for automobile crossing accidents. On certain railroads the employees have taken an active part in bringing to the attention of the public the necessity of complying with the common sense regulation of "Stop, Look, and Listen" before attempting to cross the tracks of a railroad, and all members of the Brotherhood as well as our several state legislative boards are urged to give this subject their careful attention in an endeavor to assist in the elimination of accidents such as those referred to and, if possible, to bring about the enactment of legislation with that end in view."



# The Cheat

by Will Scott

*When you fall foul of Fortune you cannot hope to win anything in the game of life. You may play well, but Fortune is an arrant cheat.*

in "The Passing Show"

THE man who had been cheated all through life shuffled along the splendid pavement hugging tightly in his hand an unpleasantly-colored bottle in which was strychnine. For the man who had been cheated—finish. He had grown tired of the walk. He was about to put up his hand and hail the Taxi that goes Beyond.

The splendid pavement ran in a glorious perspective far into the night; it was tree-lined, and behind the trees were wonderful clubs and the mansions of the mighty. In some of the windows were lights, and through these windows the very mighty themselves could be seen in the flesh. It seemed too good to be true that there was no charge for the sight.

\* \* \*

The man who had been cheated lifted his lip until it caused a hundred unpleasant creases around his nose; and the frown on his brow showed that the spasm was no smile. Cursed uncheatables! Sons of the god of luck! The man raised his arm and stuck his elbow forward, as if he would deal to all success a "thick un" on the ear. Then he lowered his arm and started in a great amazement. Another spasm, more terrible than the first, tortured his features now. He opened his clenched fist and looked at the little colored bottle. He raised his brows and thought a surprised thought. And then he uttered a name. "Dixon Moore!"

He was staring at a shadow on one of these wonderful windows, and the shadow was the shadow of Dixon Moore. The shadow of Dixon Moore, who had been like a shadow across his own life all his days. The shadow that had brought him to this ultimate dreadful solution that lay in the little blue bottle. Dixon Moore whom he had last seen in London six or seven years ago. Dixon Moore, who seemed to be gone out of his life at last, after spoiling it, here in Vancouver!

\* \* \*

Why here? It is of no profit to trace the jig-saw paths by which the cheated man had come across the world to Vancouver, but he had had a deep hope that chance would not send the cheater to follow in the tracks. And here, after

all these years, they were again together, across half the world, Dixon Moore and his dupe. Success and Failure; fatted, placid joy on the one hand, and, on the other, despair.

The cheated man stepped under the trees and across the lawn, approaching the window; and nobody saw him. He pressed his nose flat on the glass to get a better view, and he knew by the "give" of it that the window was open. There was no breeze, so he opened it a little wider and Dixon Moore never knew.

\* \* \*

Dixon Moore, here in Vancouver, under his very eyes! But this meeting was unlike all their others in one vital respect: before, the cheated man had been a fighter. For every effective blow of Moore's he had retaliated with his puny, insignificant tap. He had been meat for Moore—something to play with; but he had fought. Now the fight was gone out of him. He was squashed and flat. Not merely defeated (he had always been that), but admitting defeat at last. The little blue bottle was proof. Moore had always vowed he was fit only to die. And so tonight, his last bow to the inevitable, he was to die. In the end he was to be cheated even of life itself. But what use was there in living?

He rested his tattered elbows on the window sill and took in the scene calmly. Dixon Moore back again in his life! Well, it was fitting he should be present at this end he had built for. The cheated one smiled bitterly, but not yet did he disclose his presence. He liked the luxury of watching, of being in this one trivial thing master of an unmasterly situation. It was something new.

\* \* \*

Dixon Moore was fatter and bigger than ever. His dress suit sagged out in great puffy curves, his tremendous chins nearly obscured his little white silk bow. The rings on his fingers! And the sleek glow of his well-trimmed hair! He was writing a letter, and there was something supreme in the way his pale, waxen fingers strolled across the paper. The scrape of the pen across the richly rough sheet was like a lullaby. To Moore's hand stood a glass of champagne, the



*He liked the luxury of watching.*

fascinating bubbling in the stem gripping and holding the cheated one's whole personality for a full minute.

\* \* \*

The strange contest between the two men had commenced right back as far as memory could reach. On the school playground Moore had dominated the other's marbles. With the minimum of effort he had snatched the school prizes from beneath the cheated one's eyes. There was no move the latter could make, but Moore seemed capable of achieving without movement; and as the years went by, the thing, casual enough in its beginnings, had passed from a rivalry to a feud. At first to Moore it had been a lark, a sporty flourish to show what he could do; then it became a game, and, later, an obsession—this besting in every deal of the man he had grown up with and who was not so clever as he. Finding himself so adept, and the other so bitter, he had gone out of his way to thwart the cheated one's desires. The affair became a passion, a passion that ruined one and placed the other on the top hill of success.

\* \* \*

Moore sailed in and brushed aside his rival's petty attempts at love-making, laughed in his eyes, snapped his fingers, and without the least flurry or raising of dust married the girl his rival loved. Beat him in business, bought him out at ruination prices, drove him from the field time and time again.

And in the end ruined him, broke his heart, crushed his spirit, shattered his fortune and sent him off, a scrubby, tattered thing of no account, a bit of dirt on life's street. A wash-out.

"Cheated by Dixon Moore—cheated by Dixon Moore—cheated by Dixon Moore."



... " That was what ran through his brain always. There was nothing on which he might set his heart, nothing, however trivial, he might desire without the certain knowledge that Dixon Moore would step in and snatch it from his grasp. He could not succeed so long as the cheater remained alive. He never had. He never would. So long as the cheater remained alive. . .

\* \* \*

He found himself saying the thing over and over again in his mind, a wild idea forming, a sinister suggestion taking shape. He looked round, but the road was empty. He glanced at the little bottle in his hand. For himself . . ?

Ah!

Only after tremendous schemings had he obtained it, and he had now no money left in all the world. Waste it . . ?

And there was the alternative to success. If he were caught? But the very bottle itself was answer to that doubt. Was he not planning himself to go that night? A bottle or a rope? What did it matter, so long as he had satisfaction at last? In fact, the rope was quite a good idea, for he was broke and could not work any more.

He stopped thinking. Leaning forward a little, he peered within the room, beyond the little table at which Moore was writing. Save for a waiter at the far end, and Moore himself, it was the easiest thing in the world.

\* \* \*

Silently he wriggled the cork out and put forth his arm. The glass of champagne was back a little nearer Moore's elbow, and unless he turned he could never know. The derelict tilted the bottle gently, and in a moment the thing was done. He drew back, closed the window and rubbed his hands together. He waited just a moment, saw Moore fold the letter, slip it into an envelope, turn and take up the glass. He saw him raise it high, drink, and set the glass down empty. Then with silly little choking laughs coming out of him the cheated one staggered back into the road and went on his way happy, triumphant, successful at last after a life-time of failure.

\* \* \*

He had cheated the cheater! Cheated Dixon Moore with his last card, and cheated him of life itself. It was the only joy of a beaten lifetime, but of this at least Dixon Moore could never cheat him.

Of this at least Dixon Moore could never cheat him. His solitary triumph. Uncheatable . . .

The news was in the morning papers. "Death of well-known English Visitor."

#### PARENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

A child's a plaything for an hour;  
Its pretty tricks we try  
For that or for a longer space;  
Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one, that to itself  
All seasons could control;  
That would have mock'd the sense  
Of pain  
Out of a grievéd soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,  
Young climber up of knees,  
When I forget thy thousand ways,  
Then life and all shall cease.

—CHARLES LAMB.

Dixon Moore had been found dead in a corner of the Elite Club's writing room by Arthur Morley, a waiter. An empty champagne glass was by his side. A letter in the dead man's hand-writing was on the table. Opened, it told of crushing business cares crowding close and the loss of grip that comes with age; the fears of ruin; the elopement of his wife. It told how, before sitting down to write the letter he had dropped poison into his champagne, and how, the letter done . . .

The verdict, of course, was Suicide.

\* \* \*

And out on a hill behind Vancouver, a shabby little man sat in the rank grass, a newspaper crushed in his thin and shabby fingers, a look of unutterable dismay on his face, the joy—the only joy—of his life gone out like a snuffed wick.

A little man who had been out-maneuvred, even to the last.  
Cheated.

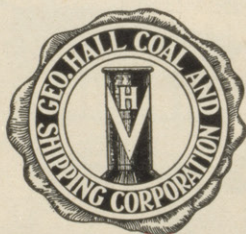
#### THE PERSONAL NOTE.

The story is told that George IV., when Prince Regent, wagered Sheridan a hundred guineas that he would introduce the words "Baa, baa, black sheep!" into the King's speech without causing comment. The words were used, and George IV. won the bet. Afterward, when Sheridan asked Canning whether he had noticed the interpolation, Canning replied: "Yes, but he was looking straight in your direction at the moment, so I deemed it merely a personal allusion and thought no more about it."—*The Watchman-Examiner, New York.*

◇ ◇ ◇

First Actor: "I'm getting on. Somebody has now named a cigar after me."

Second Actor: "I hope it draws better than you do."—*Ulk, Berlin.*



*The Seal  
of Service*

## FORTY Years' Experience in the Coal Trade

Particularly our study of Railroad and Industrial conditions warrants the statement that we can accord you absolutely superior service in the delivery of

### BITUMINOUS COALS

We are also equipped to deliver Anthracite for household use.

## GEO. HALL COAL & SHIPPING CORPORATION

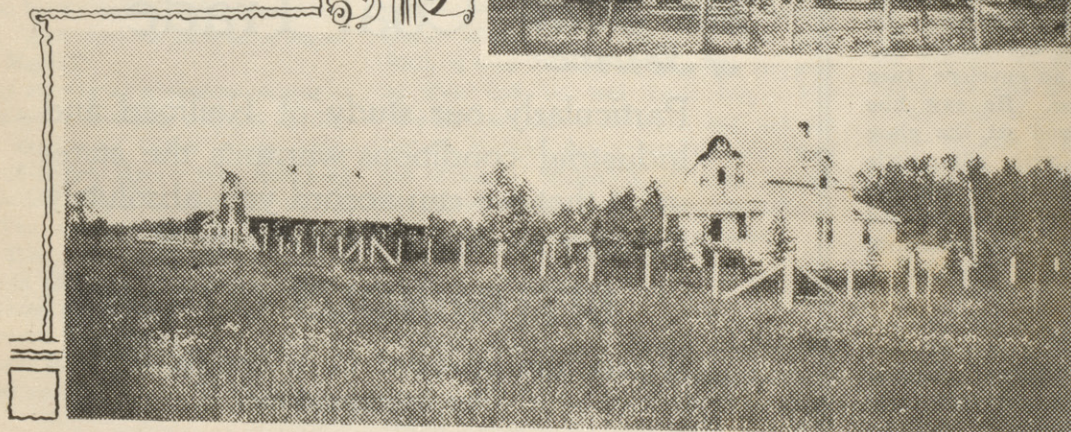
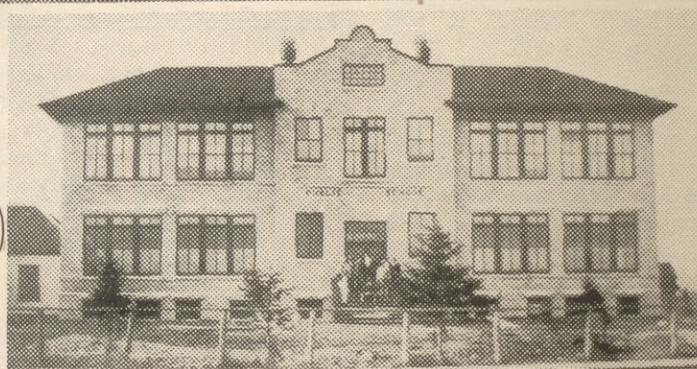
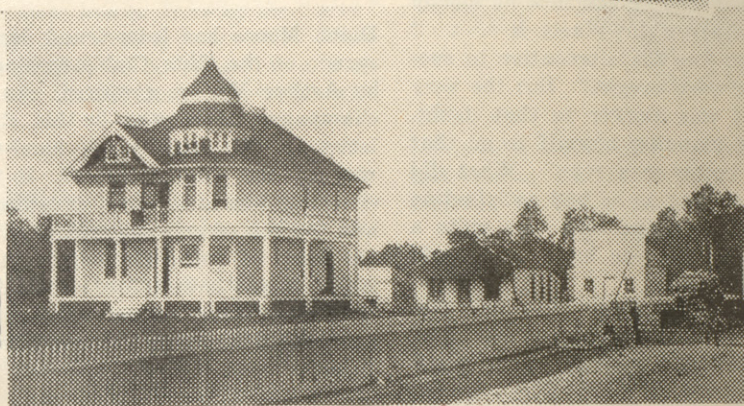
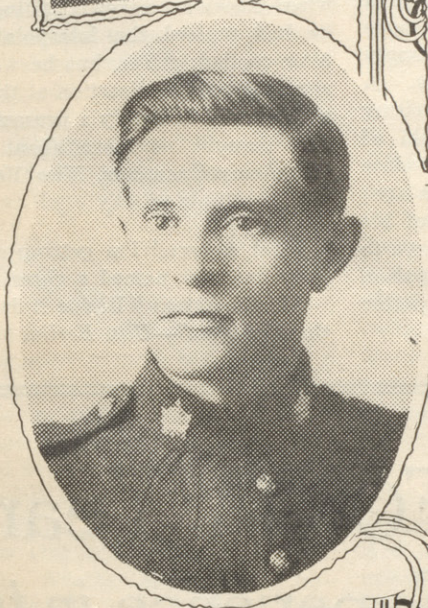
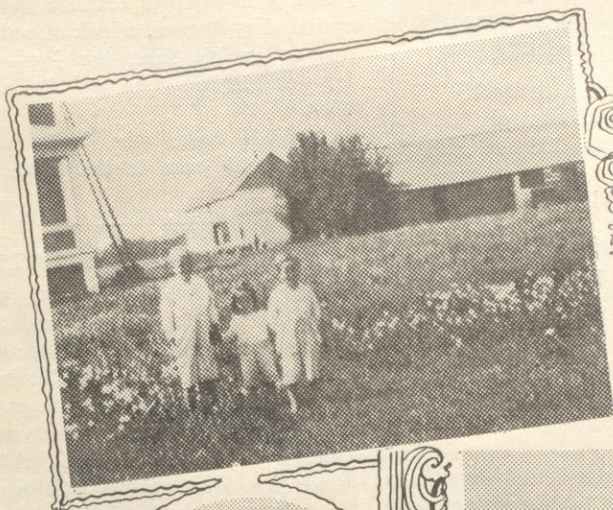
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## Icelanders in Canada



Upper left—Original home of Einar S. Jonasson, at Gimli, Manitoba. The fine residence on the right is his new home built on the same spot.

Second row, left—(1) H. F. Danielson, graduate, Manitoba Agricultural College, supervisor Soldier Settlement Board.

(2) Home of the late Stefans Sigurdson, at Hnausen.

(3) The Gimli High School built and maintained by the Icelanders of that District.

Bottom—A comfortable Icelandic pioneer's home in the Foam Lake District.



# The JOKE STORE

WITH ALL THE LATEST IMPORTED GOODS

## A MISUNDERSTANDING.

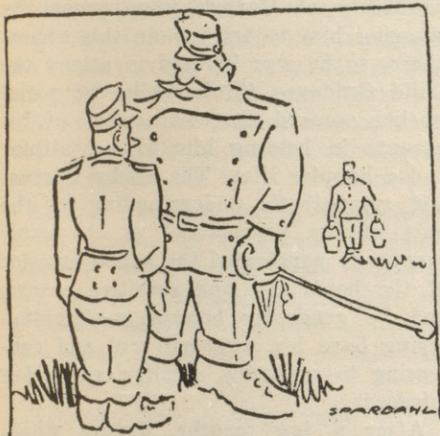
"Will you give me your name, sir?"  
"Sorry, Miss, I'm married already."  
—*Journal Amusant, Paris.*

## PRINTER'S LATEST SLANDER.

"A short string of pearls and a bar-pain were her only ornaments."—*Literary Digest.*

## BARGAIN BAIT.

"Fore!" yelled the golfer. The woman on the course paid no attention. "Fore!" he shouted again, with no effect. "Oh," suggested his opponent, in disgust, "try her with three-and-elevenpence!"—*Chorley Weekly News.*



Officer: "This is very noble of you! I hear that you met three of the enemy, engaged them in bayonet fighting, and made them run their fastest!"  
Private: "Yes—and even then they couldn't catch me!"—*Klods Hans, Copenhagen.*

## BILL THEREWITH.

"Are there any marks on the baby?" asked the anxious father.

The doctor looked the new arrival over carefully and replied, "Yes, he's marked C. O. D."—*Colorado Medicine.*

## MENTAL STRAIN.

Doctor: "Don't worry yourself unduly! Your wife is simply suffering from paralysis of the tongue."

Husband: "But I can't help worrying. I don't know when she is likely to recover!"—*Buen Humor, Madrid.*

## IMMUTABLE LAW.

"And you and your wife have decided to do it?"

"Not exactly. My wife decided. I agreed!"—*Karikaturen, Christiania.*

## NO DANGER.

Coal Merchant: "Quick! Quick! My coal-yard's afire!"

Fireman: "Oh, is it? Well, if the stuff be the same as you sold me t'other day, there ain't no hurry!"—*London Humorist.*

## LOST HIS BEARINGS.

"Why are you crying, little boy?"

"I have lost my father."

"Can't you find your way home?"

"Yes, but he can't."—*Nagels Lustiger Welt, Berlin.*

## EVERYBODY HAPPY.

Maid: "No ma'am, Mrs. Hughes is out."

Visitor: "How fortunate! When I saw her peeping through the curtains as I came up the path I was so afraid she would be in."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

## IMPOSSIBLE.

Teacher: "If your father heard your stupid answers he would turn in his grave!"

Pupil: "He couldn't! He was cremated!"—*Kasper, Stockholm.*

## LONG DISTANCE, PLEASE.

"Are you sure these field-glasses are high power?" asked the lady potential customer.

"Madame," replied the ambitious salesman, "when you use these glasses anything less than ten miles away looks like it's behind you."—*American Legion Weekly.*

## A CANINE CANKER.

"Is Robinson's new dog a setter or a pointer?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"He's neither," replied her neighbor. "He's an upsetter and a disappointner."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

## A NOVICE.

"Your conduct is disgraceful. A young widow shouldn't behave so!"

"Well, you see, how am I to know? It's the first time I have been a widow."—*Fliegende Blaetter, Munich.*

## THEIR SINGLE THOUGHT.

Dauber (airily): "My dear fellow, I paint a picture in two days and think nothing of it."

Critical Friend: "I am of your opinion."—*Boston Transcript.*



Husband (after prolonged roaring): "Minnie! Please bring volume one of *Knowledge Is Power*—I'm all soaped up and the water's shut off!"—*Yale Record.*

## AN AID TO ROMANCE.

Maude: "Was it a case of love at first sight?"

Claude: "No, second sight. When he saw her first he didn't know that she owned a couple of apartment houses."—*New York Sun.*

## QUITE NUTTY!

A man was being questioned by an employer on his suitability for a fairly important job, as a mechanic.

"Oh, yes," the man assured him, "for six years I had experience at the Ford works."

"And what did you do there all that time?"

"Well," said the man, "I screwed on nut 467."—*Northern Daily Telegraph.*



"Say, old fellow, I'm stony, and haven't a notion where to borrow a five."

"Glad to hear it, Joey. I was afraid you had an idea you could borrow one from me."



# Exterminating the Criminal by Sympathy and Understanding

Invaluable work being accomplished by Child Guidance Clinic of Mental Hygiene Committee of Montreal, under the direction of Dr. G. S. Mundie, in preventing youthful delinquency. Only organization of its kind in Canada.

Written for the Railroader by LOIS I. STEPHENSON

**H**E was a little boy. About him was a beautiful world, made for just such as he to love and be happy in but somehow, he didn't appear to know that. Things always seemed to go wrong, and very often he knew only too well that it was his own fault. Times more than he could count he was disobedient and untruthful but, worse still, he had stolen upon several occasions. Something inside just made him do things simply because he knew he shouldn't.

But the day of reckoning would come—as it always does—and Harry would deny his guilt, because he was ashamed and afraid—afraid of his father's roar of anger and of the terrible beating which invariably followed it. Then the awful feeling of disgrace and humiliation which stabbed him to the soul. He fancied that everyone he met knew how wicked he was. If some kind person would only talk gently to him and explain things—and understand—it would all be different. How he longed for someone to feel sorry for him and to hold him gently by the hand and look into his face with kind, sympathetic eyes and say, "Now, just tell me all about it."

But no such person ever came. There was nobody but his irritable, bad-tempered father, who beat him, and his mother, who wasn't strong and who had too much to do with the other children, anyway, to waste time on him. . . . And the horrible dreams he would have at night. Ever so often he saw his mother struck and murdered, and his brothers and sisters drowned, while he would be chased away. For this reason he was terrified when bed-time came; but just as much, though in a different way, he dreaded daylight, when he had to play with other boys on the street and at school, because he wasn't like the rest of the children: he had the swarthy complexion of a West Indian, his father having come from that country, and his chums spared no pains in constantly reminding him of the fact.

Why was it that he was different from other boys? he would ask himself. Why was it that everything was against him and that he was always in trouble? As long as he lived he would be laughed at

and called "Nigger." These thoughts gave him an ugly feeling. What was the use of it all, anyway?

## The Climax.

But one day the teacher discovered some dreadful language, written on the fly-leaf of his history book. An investigation was made and though Harry denied the authorship of the writing his guilt was undeniably established and he was expelled.

His mother and father, who had never understood him, were now deeply troubled to know what to do with him. Young though he was, Harry seemed headed for a criminal career and there appeared nothing in sight to guide his footsteps back to the safe road.

Just then, however, arrived the turning point. Something happened which changed the tone of the lad's whole life. He came in contact with the Child Guidance Clinic of the Mental Hygiene Committee of Montreal, the only one of its kind in Canada. It is in charge of Dr. G. S. Mundie, lecturer in psychiatry at McGill University, and assistant physician at the Royal Victoria Hospital. A psychiatric social worker attached to the clinic, investigated the case and found that Harry's father, a West Indian carpenter, of about 47 years of age, was of a nervous, irritable temperament, and frequently out of work, consequently often requiring charitable assistance. One of the man's sisters, living in the United States, had suffered a nervous breakdown, it was learned, and after having been incarcerated in a mental hospital for some time, was sent back to her mother in

the West Indies. The lad's mother, an Englishwoman, was in an incipient stage of tuberculosis and showed unmistakable signs of feeble-mindedness, while she obviously had no idea how to train and care for her children.

## Unloveliness Everywhere.

An inspection of the surroundings revealed a drab and unlovely environment, affording absolutely no opportunity for wholesome recreation, another source of trouble being the apparent lack of co-operation between the boy's home and his school. Undoubtedly there was no possibility of Harry's improvement by allowing him to drift on in this atmosphere, so he was induced to attend the Child Guidance Clinic while the social worker secured the co-operation of his parents in helping him to a healthier and a happier life. The kindly interest and sympathetic understanding on the part of the psychiatrist at the clinic eventually penetrated the sullen exterior of the boy's shy and sensitive nature, and he gradually became confidential, laying bare his wounded soul and confessing to swearing, stealing and other misdeeds.

After a few months, during which time he paid two visits a week to the doctor, Harry's parents reported a remarkable improvement in his behaviour.

As a result of intervention on the part of the clinic staff the boy has been transferred to another school, where he is relieved of the consciousness of disgrace. He is stated to be making fair progress with his lessons and is giving no trouble whatever.

This is what is meant by the word known to the medical profession as psychiatry. It is a study of the behavior of people in relation to their environment and their inherited tendencies. It maintains that the number of patients annually committed to our mental hospitals can be amazingly decreased by an intensive investigation into the mental life of children. "The adult is what the child was; whoever can control the mental, physical and moral life of the child, thereby can direct the child's future actions as an adult."

## Finding the Root of the Trouble.

If a child becomes incorrigible, develops objectionable and immoral habits,



*By telling his troubles to one who understands and sympathizes, many a little lad has been helped out of his difficulties and led back into a healthy, happy life.*

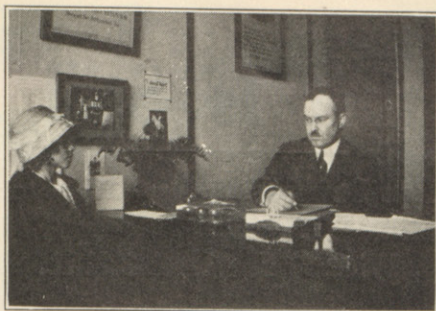


is making little progress at school and is generally causing trouble, there is something wrong, say the psychiatrists. Perhaps he is driven to delinquency by lack of proper food or through feverish longing for a "thrill." Many a lad has been brought before the Juvenile Court simply because his natural love for daring and adventure has been smothered by his parents and he has been driven to indulge it through wrong and harmful channels.

Unattractiveness in the home, nagging between father and mother, and lack of understanding are common contributing factors to youthful delinquency. Frequently it is found necessary to transplant a child into new and wholesome surroundings where he may see life from a different angle and completely re-adjust himself. In cases of this sort the change has usually had an amazing effect on the offender and in time he has been returned to his parents, useful and contented. Occasionally little ones of pre-school age who have already commenced to develop habits which may become injurious to their mental health are visitors at the clinic, as well as boys and girls who show superior ability and whose parents are seeking help in maintaining their mental health and mapping out a program for their development.

Another valuable branch of the work is that known as Vocational Guidance, which is given to all cases requiring such advice. The adolescent boy or girl is thereby enabled to develop along the lines most suited to his or her individual aptitudes.

Whatever the problem may be the Child Guidance Clinic endeavors to be of service to the child and to those responsible for his welfare, whether the trouble is truancy, stealing, lying, bad sex habits, incorrigibility, sleep disorders or objectionable conduct. It renders its greatest service to those children who have normal intelligence but who show something wrong in their interests or their attitude, their behavior or their



*Girls, as well as boys, are given vocational guidance, and so are enabled to develop along the lines most suited to their individual aptitudes.*

personality, and who are constantly being subjected to influences which retard healthy development.

#### *Intensive Examination.*

The examination of each child consists of four parts: social, physical, psychological and psychiatric. In the course of the investigation special attention is paid to the physical make-up of the home with regard to its intellectual, religious, and social atmosphere and the relationship of the mental and physical development of the child to his family, his immediate ancestry, and to the personalities and the mental attitudes of the individuals who constitute his world. During the psychiatric examination there is obtained from the child himself the most valuable contribution towards his recovery—an account of his inner mental life, his own version of his personal experiences and his attitude towards himself and his associates. By obtaining such a frank and complete story the psychiatrist is enabled to detect unhealthy attitudes and morbid trends and by understanding how the little one's brain works is able to suggest a remedy for the trouble. Evidence of the widening sphere of the clinic is afforded by the fact that since its commencement in March, 1923, it has dealt with over 375 children and its duties are steadily increasing, among the in-

dividuals most enthusiastic over the results of its efforts being the principals of schools.

Work of this nature is surely the beginning of a complete revolution in the task of dealing with delinquency. Our jails are crowded today with men and women whose sick minds and diseased bodies have been largely responsible for their vicious careers and who, instead of being healed of their maladies, have been incarcerated in institutions which have aggravated their physical troubles and intensified their criminal tendencies.

#### *Eliminating Tragedy.*

One of the saddest pictures the brain of man could imagine was that described in a recent issue of a current magazine. An arch-criminal, before being strapped into the electric chair to pay the supreme penalty for his crimes, was asked by the warder if he had anything to say. "Anything to say?" the man repeated. "I've been thinking that it's hell that I've got to die just about the time that I'm beginning to learn what life's all about," and his voice throbbed with agony as the tears streamed down his face. "I never had a chance, Warder—not a Chinaman's chance. If I had had a chance things might have been different."

It is to eliminate the possibility of such tragedies as this that the Child Guidance Clinic was originated. It seeks to heal but first and foremost it aims to prevent. Far better to guide the wayward along the safe road than to allow them to wander into by-paths that lead to danger and hopeless sorrow and then blindly punish them at the expense of vast sums of money and endless trouble. The clinic recognizes the divine spark and the boundless possibilities in every boy and girl, however underprivileged, and seeks to kindle that spark and reveal and develop those possibilities to the health and happiness of the individual and to the betterment of the community in which his lot is cast.



## Ontario's Fire Loss

**L**AST year the Province of Ontario spent \$1,100,000 on forest fire prevention, a sum representing over one-third of the total revenue from forest products derived by the province within the same period. Despite this expenditure, Ontario suffered the greatest

loss of its history through forest fires, over 2,000,000 acres being burnt, 30 per cent. of which was high class timber, 35 per cent. undergrowth, and 25 per cent. grassy or barren lands. This was the declaration of Hon. Jas. Lyons, Minister of Mines and Forests for Ontario, in an address before the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association. Im-

proved methods of cutting operations; a better system of fire prevention and better disposal of the slash wood, were considered advisable by Mr. Lyons. He also thought that the industry should be protected by a careful watch on the addition of output when the market did not justify it.



# Pioneer Spirit Is Still At Work.

President of Canadian Pacific Tells His Officers of Railway's Efforts in Nation-Building—The C.P.R. and Politics—Good Wishes for the C.N.R.



With the exception of the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa, there seldom comes together in this country a group of men so thoroughly representative of all Canada as met in the city of Quebec recently when 650 of the higher officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway gathered for one of their periodical conferences.

They came from every part of Canada and, dealing as they do, with every phase of Canadian industry and trade, they represented to a remarkable extent the progress and development which Canada is now enjoying.

The close of the gathering was marked by a speech from President E. W. Beatty, which set forth in illuminating terms the present position of the great company and something of the lines along which it is pursuing the task for which it was first constructed, namely the building of a great Canadian nation.

Mr. Beatty began with a tribute to the bold enterprising men who, under such leaders as Champlain, and within sight and sound of the Chateau Frontenac where he was then speaking, had laid the first foundations of nationhood. The spirit of Champlain did not die in 1635, he said, it carried on through the centuries, cleared the forests, tilled the land, founded cities, established routes of trade and commerce, constructed railways and steamships and was today seen wherever Canadian men and women were at the work of nation-building. It was this spirit that had built the Canadian Pacific.

Mr. Beatty's utterance on the matter of politics was as frank as it was important. He said:

"Every Canadian is naturally concerned with national politics, whether they emanate from one political party or another, and the Company because of its tremendous stake in the Country and the fact that it is a trustee of hundreds of millions of British, Canadian and American capital, jealously guards those interests against unfairness or the adoption of any politics calculated to destroy the integrity of those investments. When I say that, however I have said all. The company is not in politics and I would suggest that it has little, if any, political influence. No officer or employee of the Company has, in my recollection, and certainly not in recent years been ever asked or requested to discharge his franchise save according to his own belief and we propose that they shall be left with that freedom unembarrassed by our own views or predilections."

Mr. Beatty's reference to the national system of railways was equally frank and timely. He pointed out the peculiar anomaly that: "The less profitable are the operations of the National Railway System the greater the taxes of the Canadian Pacific, and if the National Railways prosper through diversion of traffic from the Canadian Pacific, we lose in revenue more than we gain in taxes."

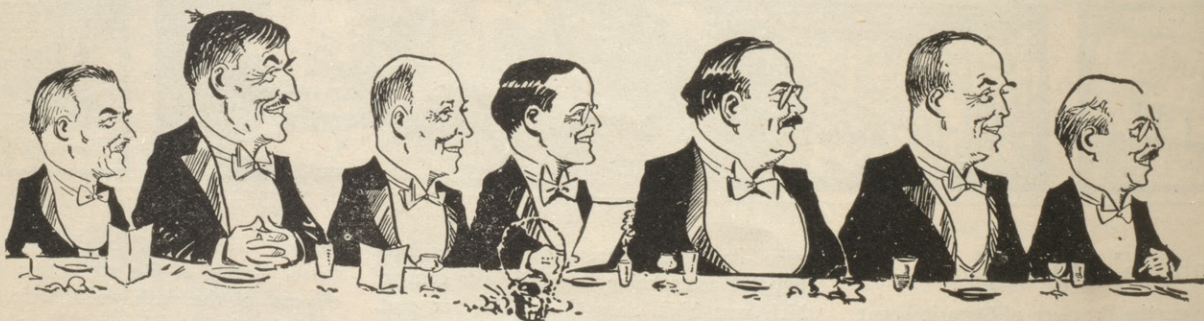
He further said: "We may conclude that the test of government ownership is being made under as favorable conditions as can be secured. The railway mileage of the Country is proportionately greater than the traffic available to support it. This Company has a very real reason to hope for the success of the National Railways, provided it is accomplished without withdrawing from us the traffic which we have taken so many years to build up and secure. The greatest factor which will contribute to the National Railways' progress is the development of Canada, the increase in population and the expansion of industries. If, by a happy combination of these factors the

progress of the National Railways continues, I, for one, will be very glad because it will carry with it the assurance that Canadian Pacific progress will be still greater in the future than in the past.

The greatness of a railway is accurately gauged by the character of the men it produces. No other institution in the country has produced so many outstanding men in their various communities. I speak not merely of such as Sir William Van Horne and Lord Shaughnessy, I speak of hundreds of C.P.R. officers who have so finely served the Company and the Country. Owing to these men, the Canadian Pacific has not been merely a collection of subsidies or a machine for earning revenues. It has been the dynamic force in the life and progress of Canada, settling vacant lands, fostering new industries, developing latent resources, opening up markets, introducing outside capital, bringing in as tourists or immigrants vast armies of purchasers to consume her produce.

The C.P.R. man is inspired by the thought that without the Canadian Pacific Railway, Confederation would never have been agreed to in principle, and would never have been maintained in actual fact. The present King of England while Prince of Wales said: "We all know how the Canadian Pacific Railway has helped to make a Nation." That knowledge accounts more than anything else for the magnificent record and the splendid spirit of the officers of this Company.

Providing our politics are conceived in wisdom and executed with vigor, we have the assurance of great national development and commercial prosperity. All we can expect is the privilege of contributing to and sharing in the development, because we are Canadians, and because the future of this Company is inextricably connected with the future of our great Dominion."



Scene at the head table, left to right—Hon. J. E. Caron, Minister of agriculture for Quebec; Grant Hall, Vice-President; His Honor N. Perdeau, Lt.-Gov. of Quebec; D. C. Coleman, Vice-President of Western Lines and chairman of the evening; Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice; Sir Herbert Holt and F. W. Molson, Canadian Pacific Directors.—Drawings by E. Le Messurier reproduced from Montreal "Star."



## Our Healthy Printers

From Fall to Spring the printers and others who produce this magazine and other fine printing for which Canadian Railroader, Limited, is noted, run the Canadian Railroader A.A.A., with physical training as the main motive, bowling and basketball being accompaniments in the cold weather and soccer in the warm months.



The physical training has been done in the big "gym" of the Montreal High School, under the direction of Ye Editor, who used to show the soldiers "how to put their feet," as Kipling says, and also learnt to teach what are irreverently known as "physical jerks," since which time he admits that he is hopelessly loony on the subject of physical education. However, the boys seem to develop healthy bodies and frames of mind out of the thing, and, incidentally, have developed a large and imposing collection of championship cups, medals, spoons and other silverware. Some too, have developed an inclination to the "back-to-nature" stuff. Above you see a small group camping in the wilds and proudly displaying their "gym" shirts with the "C. R." monogram. The studious gentleman to the right is "Mac," formally known as George Macfarlane, President of the Association, which is exclusively organized, financed and controlled by the employees.

### New Captain of S.S. 'Montrose'

**M**ISSING his footing and falling into the sea while leaving the torpedoed Ionian for a life-boat and finally being rescued by a gunner, in the stirring days of 1915, is only one of the many thrilling events in the career of Captain Edwin Landy, who has recently been appointed to the bridge of the Canadian Pacific S.S. Montrose.

Captain Landy, who comes of a seafaring stock, is a native of Skerries, in the County of Dublin. He began his career as a seaman in 1889, when, at the age of 16 he embarked as deck boy on the old Wigtown schooner R.K.P. Remaining with this vessel for 12 months, he afterwards joined the Buckley Castle as an ordinary seaman. In this ship he made a round voyage of two years and three months from Barrow to Port Stanley, thence to Panama, and from there to New Caledonia where the ship loaded for the Clyde. His second voyage on this vessel he made as able bodied seaman, after which he passed for second mate, in this capacity making a trip to the Mediterranean. In 1899 he passed for master.

When the Canadian Pacific took over the ships of the Beaver Line in 1903, Captain Landy was appointed as a junior officer to the Montfort. Promotion came through the various grades and in three years he was appointed chief officer of the Mount Temple.

Another exciting experience the Captain met with, when he was in command of the Monmouth, which was mined off Cherbourg. A French patrol boat took off most of the crew, but as the ship remained afloat the commander returned with a few men and slowly made his way into port, thereby salvaging a very valuable ship and cargo. Captain Landy's heroic work in accomplishing this feat was suitably acknowledged by the Admiralty.



Captain Edwin Landy

## CANADIAN COTTONS LIMITED



28 VICTORIA SQUARE  
MONTREAL

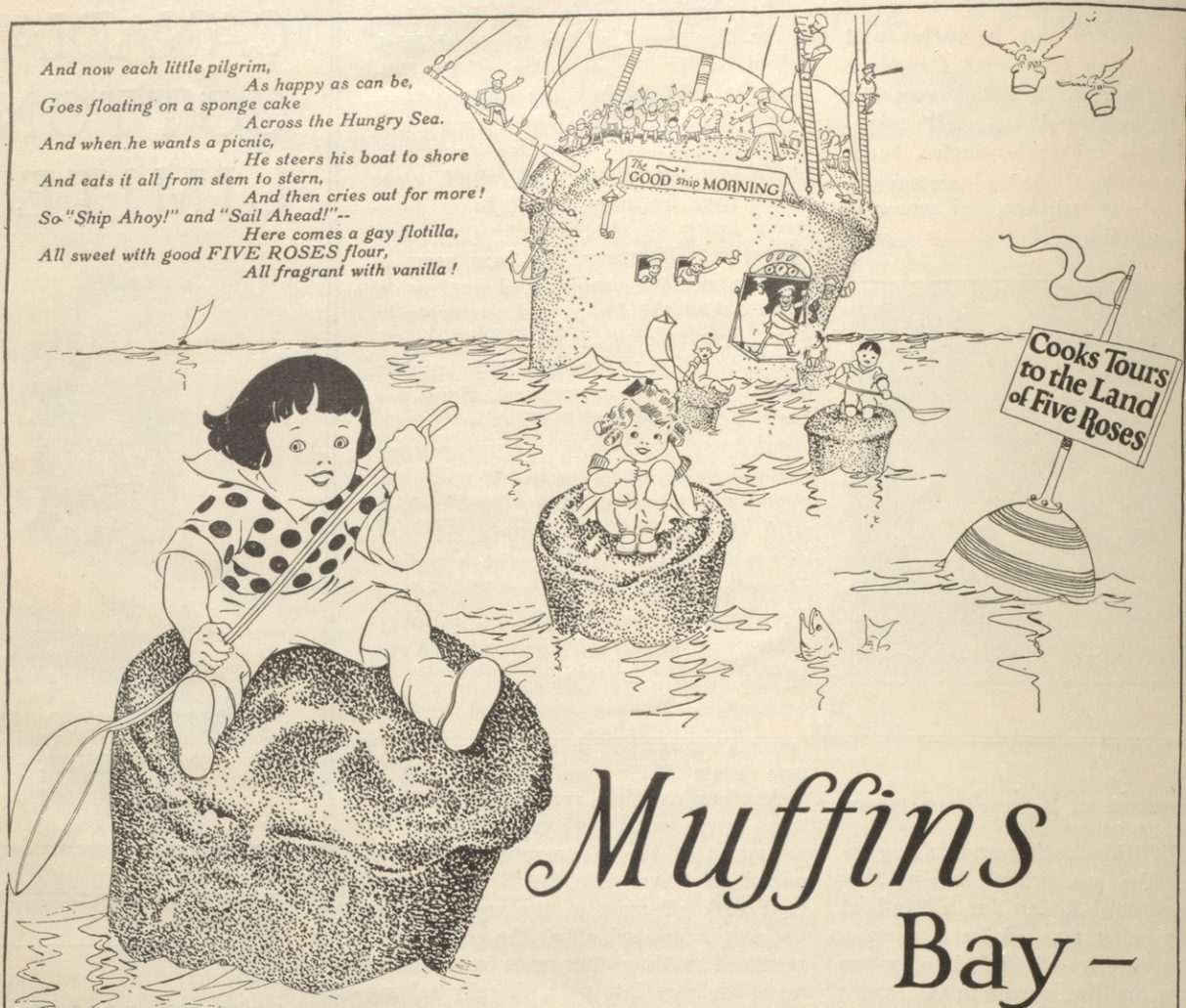
## THE CANADA WEST GRAIN COMPANY LIMITED



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BANK OF HAMILTON  
BUILDING  
WINNIPEG, MAN.



And now each little pilgrim,  
As happy as can be,  
Goes floating on a sponge cake  
Across the Hungry Sea.  
And when he wants a picnic,  
He steers his boat to shore  
And eats it all from stem to stern,  
And then cries out for more!  
So "Ship Ahoy!" and "Sail Ahead!"--  
Here comes a gay flotilla,  
All sweet with good FIVE ROSES flour,  
All fragrant with vanilla!



## Muffins Bay -

**BUOYANT**, porous and yielding are the popovers, muffins and gems of the FIVE ROSES flour user. And for days after baking, they are still alluring through their lasting freshness.

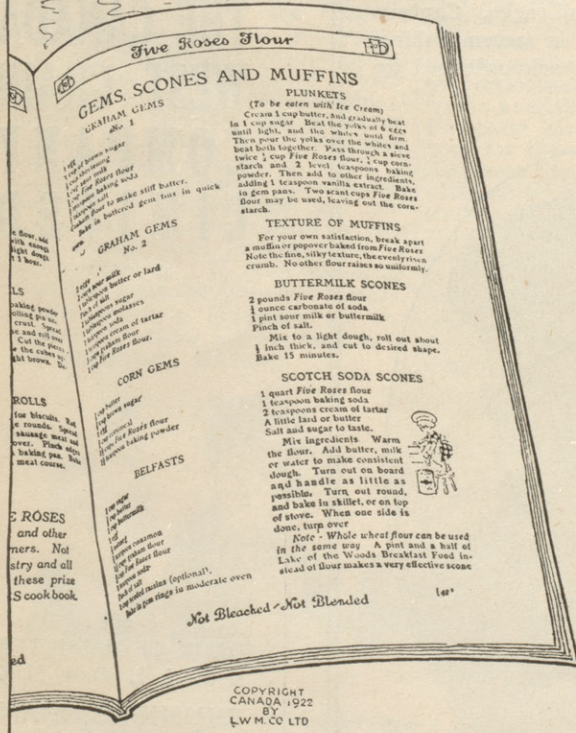
Just imagine over 240 cake recipes alone in the famous FIVE ROSES Cook Book, each tested with FIVE ROSES flour, each added proof of your baking skill!

Be good to your folks. Insist that *all* your flour foods contain the maximum of flavour, nutrition and digestibility. Specify FIVE ROSES when you buy flour. It's so important!


# FIVE ROSES FLOUR

for Breads - Cakes - Puddings - Pastries

Over 1,000 tested recipes in the famous FIVE ROSES Cook Book. Mailed for 30c. LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED, Montreal or Winnipeg.







## In Woman's Sphere

### When You're Bored, You're also Boring, so Be Minus Until You Recover

WE just can't help being bored at times. There are days when friends seem stale and uninteresting, work is a deadly grind, grind, grind, and life generally is about as exhilarating as flat lemonade!

Even the most optimistic of us get "bored days," but there isn't any crime in an occasional letting-down of the flag.

Perhaps we are over-tired, and want a good long sleep, or perhaps what we need is a tramp in the fresh air.

There are dozens of quite respectable reasons why we should suffer from occasional fits of boredom and yet not feel we are a disgrace to the race!

But preserve me from the man or woman who is eternally bored! Who can never get up a glimmer of enthusiasm over anything!—a play, a book, an outing, a dinner! Oh, there isn't anything to be said for them.

And it's just as well to remember, you of the Bored Brotherhood, that if you are bored it's nothing to the way you bore other people! Because bored people are always bores!

Personally, when I feel bored, I remove my presence as far as possible from my friends

and relatives—I either go for a walk, go to bed, or take myself out to visit.

After an hour or two to get over it, my interest in life revives and I gradually arrive at the conclusion that perhaps, after all, it is worth while going on with the business of living!

If you told any of my friends that I occasionally become bored they wouldn't believe you. I can *hear* their stare of amazement! "What, she bored—not on your life—doesn't know what it means—!" Don't I!

I have positively lain down under a tonload of wet blankets and wallowed in a sea of boredom—for no reason that I could lay hold of!

We all get our "bored days"—it's only human that we should. We do the same old things in the same old way, day after day, year after year even—then how can they always feel fresh!

There is bound to be a certain amount of monotony in everyone's life—it can't be helped—but you can do quite a lot to prevent it becoming too monotonous—and that is where your intelligence must help you.

Don't sit down under a cloud of monotony—instead, find a way out of it. If you feel you are getting into a groove—then go out and make new friends, join a club, any old club. Never mind if you don't feel particularly drawn to the members of it—it will do you good to go among them just because they are fresh to you.

If you had toothache you'd do something to get rid of the pain, wouldn't you? Well, boredom wants treatment, too.

#### THE ABODE OF PEACE

Here, in this dim and sylvan place,  
The world forget awhile,  
Where sun-flecked shadows lightly  
grace  
The elm and beechen aisle.

Within this green-bowered, shady spot  
Peace dwells apart, alone:  
The world's strange puzzles all forgot  
By those Peace makes her own.

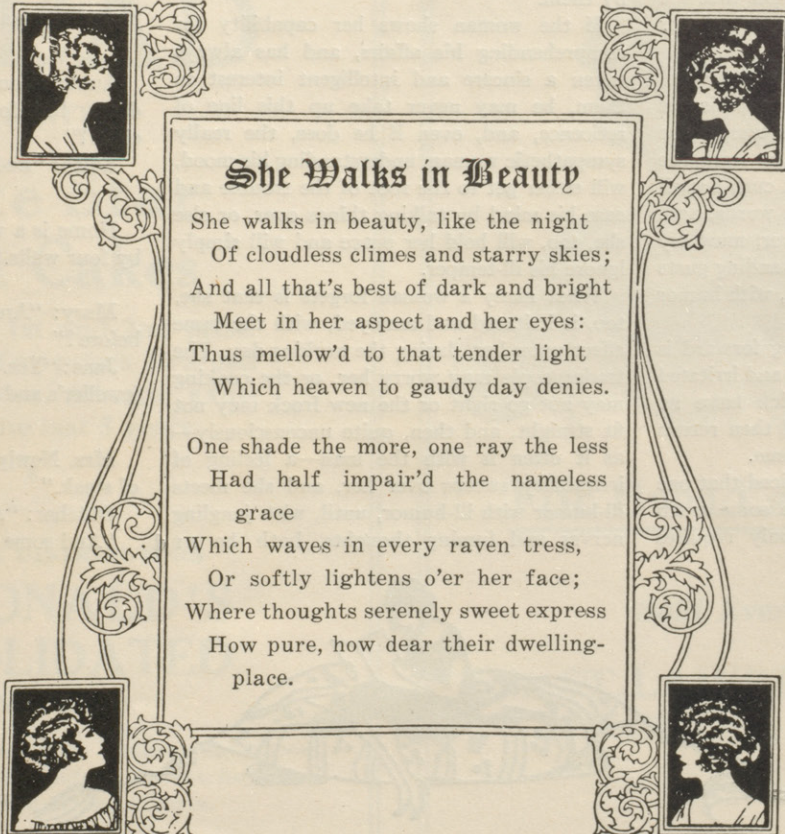
A little space with her abide,  
So may she gently steal  
Into the heart and balsams hide,  
Life's future hurts to heal.

#### Helpful Hints

Before washing a colored tablecloth or anything equally large which has been stained it is a good plan to sew round the stains with large tacking threads, because when the cloth is once immersed in the water, the stains are difficult to see but can be easily rubbed when they are located.

An excellent method of removing stains or a shiny surface from navy blue material is cold tea. Use it lukewarm and brush the material the way of the grain with a small nail brush.

Where your linoleum has worn into holes, fill them with chipped cork or old chipped linoleum and cover well and evenly with good gum or glue. When dry polish as usual.



#### She Walks in Beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less  
Had half impair'd the nameless  
grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-  
place.

#### Wit and Wisdom

By Jane Doe

The tragedy of matrimony  
is that lots of folks never  
know when they're lucky.

Life, Unmarried Miss, is a  
lucky dip. And some of us  
bag only the sawdust.

A girl in her own home and  
a girl in her mother's are two  
strangely different beings.

If I had a daughter who  
did not interest herself in  
housework and who was  
about to be married, I don't  
think I should worry very  
much.

Husbands, when they are  
good, are very nice. But  
when they are bad, they are  
horrid. And it is only foolish  
people who regard them as a  
cure-all for every female  
affliction.

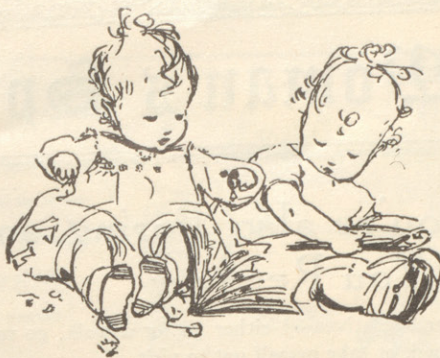


## TO MY LITTLE SON

In your face I sometimes see  
Shadowings of the man to be,  
And, eager, dream of what my son  
Will be in twenty years and one.

But when you are to manhood grown  
And all your manhood ways are known,  
Then shall I, wistful, try to trace  
The child you once were in your face?

*Julia Johnson Davis*



## BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## Your Husband's Temper

*By YVONNE CLOUD*

ALL husbands need managing. Every woman finds this out before the honeymoon is over, and must then make up her mind as to whether or not she is going to put herself to the pains of being a really efficient "manager" or whether she will just leave it all to chance and bungle through somehow.

The "managing" business steps in and demands attention the moment any two human beings decide to share a common life, for all lives are inevitably full of trivial worries and annoyances.

These two people have got to knock off each other's corners, so to speak, and when they happen to be man and woman, it is the woman who suffers if she does not use some skill and tact during the "knocking-off" process, so it is in her own interests that she takes on the position of "manager" of her husband.

However violent-tempered she may be, she must realise after a few bitter experiences that if she arouses her husband's temper she will probably suffer more than he from the effects of the storm, so she must curb herself before she incites him to violent words, and, if she sees the storm-clouds gather, must try to chase them away with understanding gusts of gentleness and, where possible, with humor and a little laughter.

The plea so many wives bring forward is that their husbands are annoyed and irritated during the day by events which have no bearing on domestic affairs, and then return to vent their ill-humor in the home.

So often has this plea been voiced that one begins to suspect there may be some truth behind the platitude; but it only requires

sympathy and a little flicker of imagination for the woman to deal with her husband at these times.

## Making Allowances

If she takes a really live interest in her man's life and doings she must well be able to understand how troubled and ruffled he may be by certain events taking place, and must make allowances. If she treats him with sympathy and quiet friendship at these moments she will be able in most cases to calm him into a more peaceful frame of mind.

Often the man does not want to worry his wife with his troubles unconnected with the home, so he keeps silent about them, whilst they prey on his mind, and the result is that he becomes "fussy" and irritable about domestic arrangements, and even incensed by them.

If the woman shows her capability for comprehending his affairs, and has always taken a sincere and intelligent interest in them, he may never take up this line of reticence, and, even if he does, the really sympathetic woman, understanding his mood, will either get to the root of the trouble and ease his mind by talking things over, or else she, too, will hold her peace and will simply ignore his ill-temper.

What many a woman forgets is that she, too, is irritated and annoyed, with the same effect upon her, during the working day. The tradespeople may worry her, or the cooking may not go right or the new frock may not fit straight, and then, quite unconsciously—as it often is with the man—a feeling of irritability sweeps over her, and she meets ill-humor with ill-humor, until, with jangling nerves and fuming thoughts, both he and

she let off steam with the most wounding words and bitter injustices that bring pain afterwards to each of them, and a special dose of mortification and suffering to the woman.

She may say: "Well, why shouldn't he control himself as well as I do?"

Why not, indeed? But since he doesn't—and never has—it is for you to decide if these "two wrongs" are to make for smoothness and whether you are going to let that devastating storm break or not; and if you think it's worth averting, for your own sake—well, avert it; it's up to you.

## Overheard by the Way

Jimmie came back from the circus much excited.

"Oh, mamma," he cried as soon as he got in the house, "Mary spilled some nuts, and what do you suppose the elephant did? He picked them all up with his vacuum cleaner."

◇ ◇ ◇

Aunt: "You've counted up to eight nicely, dear. But don't you know what comes after eight?"

Edith: "Bed-time."

◇ ◇ ◇

Home is a woman's sympathy, surrounded by four walls.

◇ ◇ ◇

Mary: "Are you sure he has never loved before?"

Jane: "Yes. He told me to go round to the jeweller's and pick out any ring I wanted."

◇ ◇ ◇

Mrs. Newlywed: "Please send me a pound of steak."

Butcher: "And what else, please?"  
"And some gravy."

A pudding to be boiled must completely fill the basin. If not full, put in crusts of bread. Make a pleat in the cloth tied over the basin to allow the pudding to rise.



Those who make the most song and dance about their troubles are just those who have most to be thankful for; and those who say least could say most if they were willing.



# Toothsome Dishes Good Cooks are Making

## Southern Waffles

One egg, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 pint sweet milk, 2 tablespoons (level) cornmeal, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt. Flour to make thin batter. Mix butter and sugar thoroughly, add egg and beat well. Then sift the cornmeal, flour, salt, baking powder into the sugar and butter, adding milk as required, using up the flour before the milk. Bake in hot waffle irons and serve at once with butter and syrup.

## Orangeade

Four oranges, 3 lemons, 4 pounds white sugar, 2 ounces citric acid. Grate the yellow skin (not the white part) of the oranges, add the acid and sugar, and scald with 2 quarts boiling water. When cool, add the juice of oranges and lemons. Let stand 24 hours, strain and bottle. For drinking purposes, take 1 tablespoon to a cup of water.

◇ ◇ ◇

The most delicate silk, lace, feathers, or furs can be cleaned with a powder made from flour mixed into a dough with petrol. When the mixture is thoroughly dry, crumble it to a powder and rub this well into the article to be cleaned. Store the cleansing powder in air-tight bottles.



Buy a cake of blacklead and an equal quantity (in weight) of bluestone crystals. Mix to a paste with cold water and apply to the stove with a brush. When the fire is lit, the heat bakes the mixture, and it forms a brilliant black enamel that will last for months.

◇ ◇ ◇

When I grow old and grey—I shall just say, "Well, it was a beautiful world, and I've laughed more than I've wept, and if I could have it all over again I'd make a greater effort to live more beautifully."

## Chocolate Wafers

Two ounces chocolate, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup white sugar (granulated or powdered), 1 cup butter, 1 egg (beaten), 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Grate the chocolate and set the cup into hot (not boiling) water to melt. Mix together the brown sugar and the white and rub in the butter. When creamy, add the beaten egg and then the melted chocolate, stirring briskly. Finally, add the flour and bake in quick oven.

## Fruit Cookie

One cup raisins, one and one-half cups brown sugar, 1 cup shortening, 1 egg (beaten), 4 tablespoons sweet milk, 1 teaspoon baking soda, pinch of salt flour, nutmeg or mixed spice. Seed and chop raisins finely, flour and set aside. Beat together sugar and shortening (butter and lard mixed). When creamy, add beaten egg, sweet milk, baking soda, salt and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Add floured raisins with grated nutmeg (or mixed spice) and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll rather thin and bake in quick oven.

◇ ◇ ◇

A few drops of ammonia in the water used for washing windows saves a great deal of labor and gives a brilliant polish.

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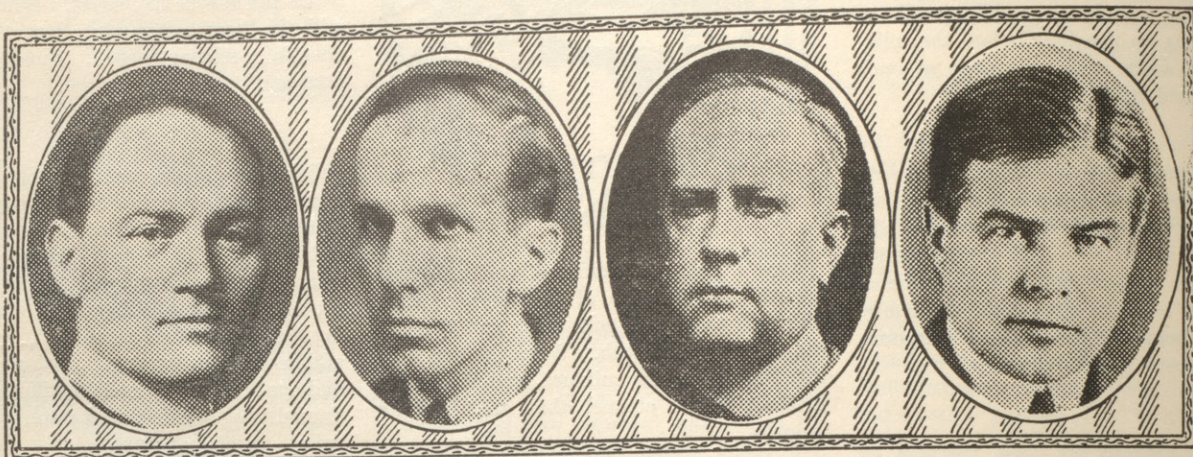
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## Council of Education Plans Programme



Sir Robert A. Falconer,  
K.C.M.G., President, Uni-  
versity of Toronto.

Mr. Vincent Massey, Mem-  
ber, Board of Governors,  
University of Toronto.

Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.  
M.G., Principal, McGill Uni-  
versity.

Mr. E. W. Beatty, Presi-  
dent, Canadian Pacific Rail-  
way, Chancellor, McGill.

THE recent announcement that the third triennial conference on Education and Citizenship to be held under the auspices of the National Council of Education will take place in Montreal in 1926 recalls the invaluable work this organization is performing.

Under the Honorary Presidency of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Presidency of Mr. Vincent Massey, President of the Massey-Harris Co., Toronto, the Council includes many of Canada's leading citizens, among them Sir Robert A. Falconer, K.C.M.G., President of the University of Toronto; Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., Principal of McGill University, and Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It has as its principles: (1), That education should concern itself with the development of character and should provide a full preparation for life; (2), That education is a spiritual process; (3), That education is imparted by personality—its success or failure rests with the teacher; (4), That education is everybody's business; and (5), That Canada's education must be Canadian in its ideals.

The principal activities of the Council are two-fold. The National Lectureship Scheme is a plan under which distinguished men and women—both Canadians and visitors from Great Britain and other countries—are engaged to speak on education (broadly interpreted) throughout Canada. The Bureau provides an organization for the exchange of information between the Provincial departments of education, for the reception and diffusion of ideas from outside the Dominion and for dispensing data concerning education in Canada to the outside world. Until the Council established this bureau, Canadian educational authorities were dependent upon the American Bureau of Education at Washington for all educational infor-

mation.

The Council was formed as a result of a conference held in Winnipeg in 1919 and attended by over 1,200 persons from all over Canada. The second conference was held in Toronto in April of 1923 and was attended by about 1,500 persons, representing the nine provinces. This conference, through many brilliant speakers on the programme, among them Sir Michael Sadler, Sir Henry Newbolt, Lord Robert Cecil and Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell, sought to set forth the Council's conception of the role of Education as a citizen builder.

The plans for this third conference now pending were laid at a meeting held in Montreal, presided over by Sir Arthur Currie, in the absence of the Chairman, and attended by several of the leading officers of the Council in the persons of Mr Vincent Massey, President; Mr. S. B. Gundy, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and Major F. J. Ney, Executive Secretary.

At present, the Council is engaged in preparing a programme for the second triennial period. It has secured as Educational Secretary Professor J. A. Dale, of the Social Service Department of the University of Toronto, whose duties will include the editorship of a series of small volumes on educational problems. The success of the National Lectureship Scheme inaugurated last year, which established important contact with the leading minds of Great Britain, will be followed up, beginning in September, by contributions from Dr. Finley, Editor of the New York Times and once a Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, from the Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Fellowship Players, under the direction of Mr. Bridges Adams, and from a number of other distinguished speakers.



## Radio Relays

*One may almost as well be out of the world as out of radio these days, and so here is a little radio feature. It isn't cluttered up with technical stuff, principally because the Radio Ed. is out at lunch. Whether you have a crystal set, or a three-valve set, or no set at all, you really ought to listen-in.*

**A**RRANGEMENTS having now been completed for the establishment of stations in six cities in western Canada there is now a transcontinental chain of radio stations that will make the Canadian National Railways operator of the greatest chain of non-commercial radio broadcasting stations in the world. Advices have been received at general headquarters in Montreal from W. P. Swift, radio engineer of the National system, that he has completed all arrangements for the establishment of stations in Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Regina, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver.

These stations are not new, like CKCH in Ottawa, but are stations already existing with which the Canadian National Railways have come to agreement for the broadcasting of programmes. In Winnipeg the Manitoba government telephone station CKY, 450 metres, will broadcast every Thursday evening; from Saskatoon the radio supply station CFQC will broadcast every afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock; from Regina "Leader" station CKCK, 420 metres, will broadcast each Tuesday evening; from Calgary, Grant station CFCN, 440 metres, will broadcast every Wednesday evening, and the "Herald" station CFAC, 430 metres, every Thursday evening; from Edmonton, the "Journal" station CJCK, 440 metres, will broadcast every Friday evening.

The afternoon programme is being broadcast for the benefit of passengers on board transcontinental trains of

the Canadian National Railways and for the benefit of farmers, to whom stock market reports, etc., will be broadcast. This news will also be broadcast at night.

The East is already well covered by station CKCH in Ottawa and stations CKCF and CHYC in Montreal. Stations in the Maritimes and in Toronto may be added later.

### *Something in That.*

The one reason why some men don't put a radio in is that they would have to stay at home to enjoy it.—*London Advertiser.*

### *"Marconi's Beam."*

Great interest is being taken in present researches in directional broadcasting. "Marconi's Beam," should experiments with it be successful, as is anticipated in the near future, will revolutionize matters and make it a practical proposition for Canada to broadcast a concert in England, and vice versa.

### *First Discoverer.*

The celebrated engineer, Mr. Campbell Swinton, let out a scientific secret recently. Practical wireless was first discovered by Professor Hughes, inventor of the telegraphic instruments which print the message. He could transmit sounds by wireless some hundreds of yards, but declined to publish his experiments, not wishing to rob Senator Marconi, whose discoveries were much more effective, of any of the praise of developing the theoretical ideas of Faraday and Clerk-Maxwell.

### *Stars of the Ear.*

We shall eventually have training schools for wireless entertainers, in the opinion of an expert, Major-General George U. Squier. "The stars of the ear in 1935," he declares, "will receive salaries comparable to those that cinema favorites—the stars of the eye—receive in 1924. The profession of wireless entertainer will ultimately be at the top in pay and distinction."

At a cost of \$10 a minute political candidates across the border can broadcast election speeches. They are advised that addresses should be as short as possible, for, as a rule, listeners do not care for speeches lasting longer than ten minutes.

"Some politicians," stated an experienced speaker, "would make a mistake if they talked by radio. There is a type of oratory which goes well before an audience but falls flat when broadcasted. A wireless speaker cannot cover up weak arguments by gestures. Furthermore, involved, ungrammatical sentences sound well from the platform, but annoy those listening-in."

### *Fixing it for Uncle.*

No wonder the signals from the loud speaker sounded faint—investigation revealed a sticky mass in the horn. The youngest member of the family was questioned about it. "Well," he replied, "Uncle Mungo had such a bad cold that I put some cough-drops there for him."

The young man in the Pullman car, seeing that a handsome girl was looking at him very intently, thought he had made an impression and in a few minutes changed his seat to the vacant one beside her.

"Haven't we met before somewhere?" he ventured to ask.

"Well, I'm not quite sure," she replied, "but I think you are the man I saw hanging around the night our car was stolen."

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What  
We  
Say**

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**Page 57—Important**



## Modern Science Too Funny To Be Made Fun Of

So says Chesterton in a "Passing Show" Article, Some Chips from which are Given Below.

IT has been suggested that I should write something about an American proposal for subjecting babies to psycho-analysis. But I have a difficulty in doing so, for a reason that may not yet be fully realised but which I fancy people in the immediate future will realize more and more.

\* \* \*

The fact is that modern science is too funny to be made fun of. We cannot suggest anything satirically that the



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

scientists may not be doing quite seriously. We should see this well enough in ordinary life, if it were anything like such an extraordinary life.

\* \* \*

I once wrote a little tale in a spirit of mere tomfoolery about a professor who considered human language crude and inexpressive; and tried to make a new alphabet out of attitudes or the waving of the arms and legs. If he stood on one leg and waved the other in a certain way, it meant that it was a fine day. If he stood on the other leg and held the first at a particular angle, it meant that he had doubts about the Darwinian hypothesis.

\* \* \*

I had forgotten all about this foolish fable of my youth, when I heard the other day the proposal that a new sys-

tem of teaching Grammar should be introduced into the public schools. It was to be based on Eurythmics; and the distinction between the various parts of speech was to be expressed by agitating various parts of the body.

The scholar would contort his body into a particular posture, to indicate that he was in an adjectival frame of mind.

The scholar would then hold up his left leg to represent a verb. I will not mention the verb that seems to me most appropriate to the occasion.

\* \* \*

I will not set down the particular adjectives that spring spontaneously to my lips.

I will content myself with remarking, in a restrained manner, that this scheme was really and seriously explained to me by an excellent educational authority, as one quite likely to be adopted as an educational reform.

\* \* \*

And I will add the moral that I cannot see my way at the moment to expressing what I think about psycho-analysis for babies; not having yet thought out the attitudes or angles of the arms and legs that would adequately express it.

### A New Pneumatic Tool

On another page of this issue, The Curry Cormac Corporation, Limited, are showing a cut of F. A. M. Pneumatic Tools; the Valve principle of which is entirely new and extremely simple; it consists of a simple Disc, operating in a Cage of very small volumn; thus reducing Air Consumption to a minimum.

The replacement cost of this Valve is only Ten Cents, and a coin will operate just as efficiently as the Disc provided.

This feature should appeal to all users of Pneumatic Tools, and The Curry Cormac Corporation, Limited, are prepared to send, upon request, Hammers for demonstration purposes.

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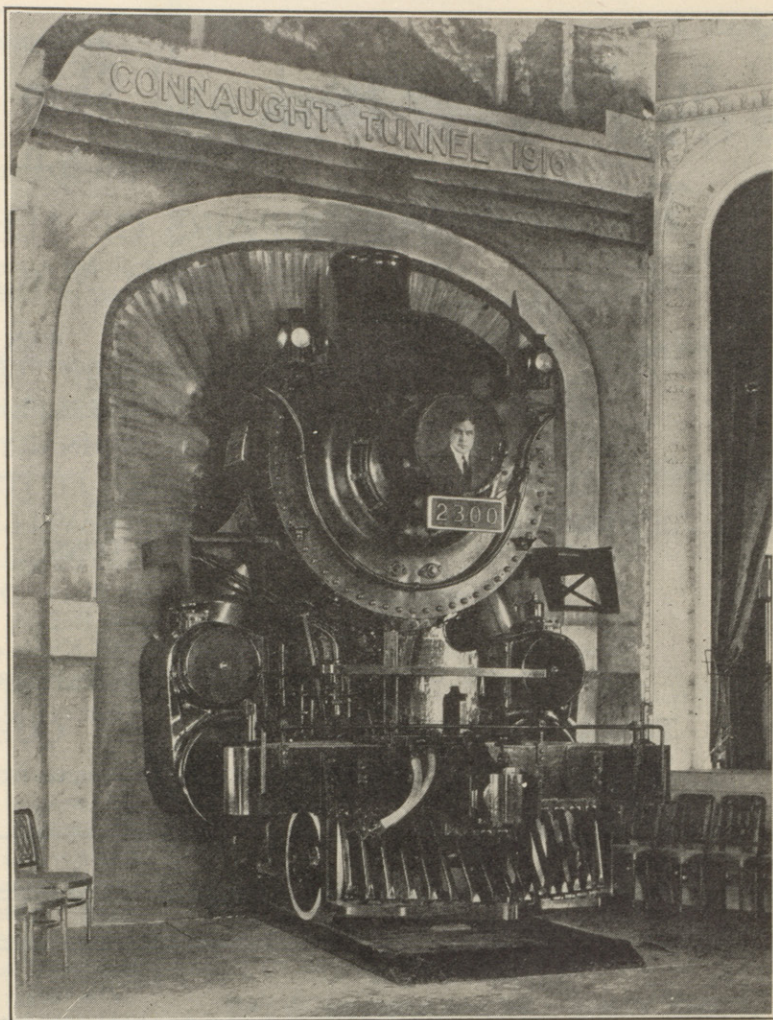
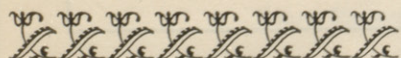


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## The Benefit of the Doubt

("The public is far more intelligent than one would think to look at it."—Mr. A. P. Herbert.)

I've noticed many times of late  
That writing folk, when they orate  
On that engrossing theme the state  
Of public taste (a low one),  
Are prone to moments of despair—  
The public is an ass, they swear,  
And taste at once refined and rare  
Possessed by next to no one.

And yet some writers' steady luck  
Still holds and does not come unstuck;  
They write what none dare label muck,  
And still avoid starvation;  
From which, I think, one may surmise,  
That what they write the public buys;  
And here a modest voice supplies  
A kind of explanation.

Consider well the common man;  
You cannot (though you think you can)  
Discover from the facial plan

What he has got a mind like;  
You may not like his nose or jaw,  
But p'raps that man reads Shakespeare  
raw,  
Or chews large chunks of Bernard Shaw,  
Most highbrow and refined like.

These wailings, then, are most misplaced;  
In any tram one may be faced  
By men of ripe, accomplished taste

To whom mere trash is hateful.  
The public may announce with pride,  
"Odd as we look, we're certified  
As possibly all right inside—  
For which we're deeply grateful."

LUCIO.



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# Between You and I

Wherein the Editor More or Less Unbosoms  
his Soul

Dear Sir or Madam:

It is sometimes argued that editors don't know how to get circulation, that the highly-specialized circulation expert is a necessity.

I don't believe that.

If an editor can make a saleable magazine, he can sell it, too. If an editor cannot make a saleable magazine, neither he nor anyone else can sell it.

Editors, being busy men, often cannot sell magazines because their hands and heads are full already. Given time, they can do the "Approach," the "Clinch" and the "Dotted line" as well as anybody.

If the whole truth were known, it would be found that lots of circulation campaigns have editors quietly sawing wood in the backyard.

In this case the editor is on the front porch giving his own speech and doing his own strutting.

Wherefore, there would be a loud cackle from some quarters if he fell down.

I am out for two thousand new subscribers at this one crack. (Speaking confidentially, I don't expect to get more than one thousand.)

Employers buy batches of subscriptions to this magazine for their employees. School principals buy batches for school libraries and for class-room purposes. Persons interested in lumber camps, or remote missions for settlers, seamen or others buy batches for distribution. Trades union locals subscribe for their entire membership. Many a subscriber subscribes for a relative or other friend in the Old Land or elsewhere. These and the mass of individual subscribers are pretty faithful. They return year after year, without urging.

The Prince of Wales is not yet a subscriber, but may come in at any moment.

More subscriptions are needed to permit of greater progress. Note that this magazine is made in Canada, for Canadians and their kin. Some day I shall prove to you how hard it is to build up our own magazines against the competition of our friends across the line with their immense reading public and immense resources of revenue. Meanwhile I would ask you to take it as a fact that your own native magazines have a whale of a time doing as much and as well as they do.

However, while I make the point of supporting home industry, I would also, with due modesty, suggest for your serious consideration, if you are not a subscriber, or, if you are a subscriber, for the serious consideration of your friends to whom I hope you will pass on your copy, the thought that this magazine, even though it came from New York, London, or Timbuctoo, is worth a dollar a year, anyway.

(Phew! That's some sentence to get half straight!)

If you don't think the magazine is worth a dollar, I'm awfully sorry and all that sort of thing.

If you think it is worth a dollar, please rush the dollar.

Offers of ninety-nine cents and under cannot be considered. The battle-cry is "One dollar or nothing!"

Yours Expectantly,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—At the right is the inevitable coupon:—

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### Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more,  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.  
Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane,  
Each night I burn the records of the day,  
At sunrise, every soul is born again.  
Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb,  
My judgments seal the dead past, with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.  
Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,  
I lend my arm to all who say: "I can",  
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep  
But he might rise and be again a man.

WALTER MALONE.

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And BURLINGTON, VT.



## Gray's Elegy

**I**F you know Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* it will do you good to read it again. If you do not know it, it will do you good to read what has often been described as the finest poem in the English language. Thomas Gray took seven years to write the poem, "laboring over every line," as an American writer recently says, "like a telescope-maker over a crystal."

The church and churchyard of Stoke Poges, the scene of the poem, are much the same as in the days of Gray, special funds having been raised to maintain the setting as he knew it. No lowing herd now winds slowly o'er the lea, however, the landscape adjacent to the churchyard having been absorbed by the modern builder.

\* \* \* \*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the strawbuilt shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Of't did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Pow'r,  
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour,  
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted  
vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her simple page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

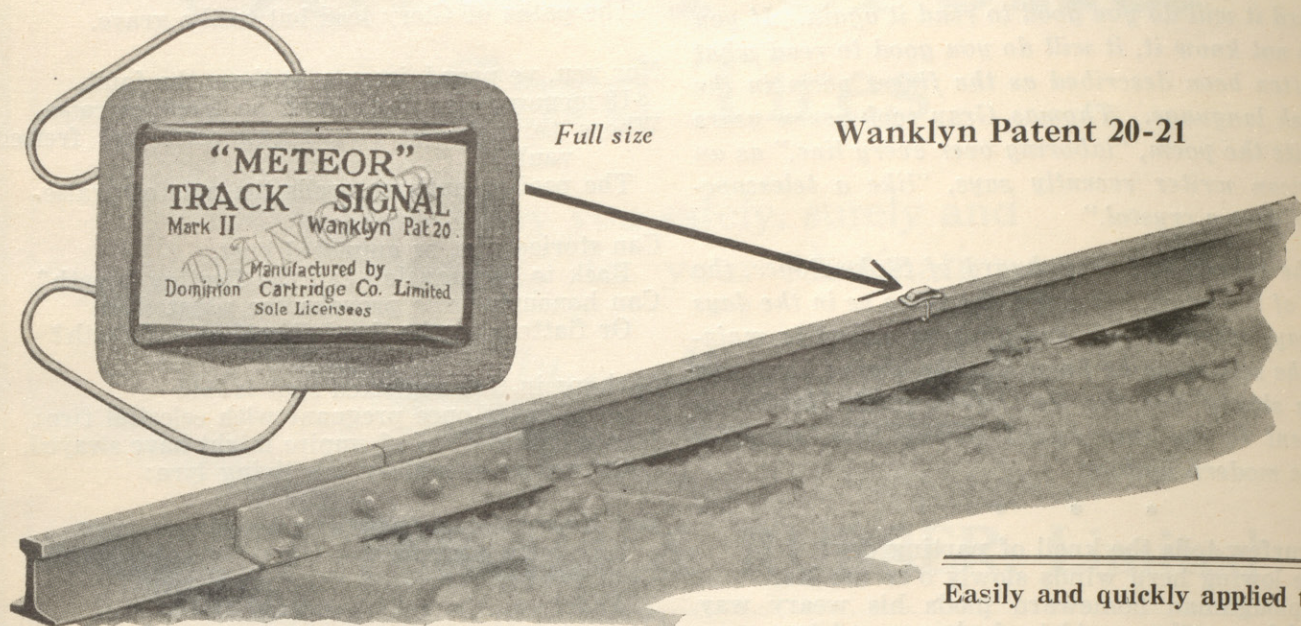
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

(Continued on page 61.)



# "Meteor" Track Signal Will Protect Your Trains



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"The detonation was not affected after the signals had been subjected to special treatment, for exposure to rain, snow, steam, saturated atmosphere and rough usage.

"No "dangerous" debris was projected at the trials, and the results were superior to those obtained with any other torpedo tested.

"The brass wire swivel spring is of a form which renders the operation of attaching the signal to the rail simple and quick, and cannot be knocked off by the wheel of the locomotive."

After tests under service conditions on the Canadian Pacific Railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, practical rail-  
roaders affirm that no engineman can possibly run over one of these signals and fail to recognize that a signal is intended.

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**CANADIAN EXPLOSIVES LIMITED**  
HEAD OFFICE: CANADA CEMENT CO. BUILDING, MONTREAL



(Continued from page 59.)

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered  
Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;  
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the churchway path we saw him  
borne;

Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

◇ ◇ ◇

## The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,  
He gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wished, a  
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

## Religion and the Trade Unionist

By KENNEDY CRONE

Labor is frequently credited with hostility or indifference to organized religion and often to the tenets of Christianity itself. "What is the matter with Labor?" "Why doesn't Labor do this and that?" "Beware of the materialistic menace—Labor!"

Occasionally there is an unusual mind which says: "What can we do to bring Labor back to the spiritual things?" or, "What is the matter with the Church that there is such a gap between it and Labor?"

Some years ago, when I was president of the first trades union of journalists in this country, and was also known as something of a student of the labor movement, I heard a great deal about the unchurchiness and irreligiousness of Labor, so much indeed, that I felt an urge to make inquiries before entering into further debate.

I began with my own union. There were sixty-five members of the union, or, roughly, one-half of the total of Montreal newspaper men and women who were eligible for membership.

More than half the unionists were more or less regular churchgoers, a fact which rather surprised me. Of the remainder, and leaving out two Jews, all were at least nominal Christians, with the exception of one anti-clerical, two agnostics and one atheist. When it came down to a discussion of points for and against, the anti-clerical was not as irreligious as he made himself out to be, the two agnostics hesitated about pinning themselves to a definite agnostic declaration, and the atheist was not as sure and firm as might have been expected of a professed atheist.

It was argued by some critics to whom I put my particulars that a newspapermen's union was not a representative example of trade union sentiment and action, anyway. Newspaper men, it was said, were more thoughtful than members of most of the other trade unions, and there were also local reasons why newspapermen should put up a good showing on the subject in question, and so on. For myself, I would have said that journalists were a hard lot to prove religion on, and that if you could prove it on them you could prove it on most classes. To my mind journalists were no more thoughtful than other groups; I would have described them

as pretty thoughtless and temperamental in many matters, with lots of ideas but no great showing in convictions.

However, I pushed the inquiry still further. I found out, by observation and in other ways, the attitude towards religious matters of more than fifty trades unionists of the leader type in Canada. Practically all were nominal Christians and perhaps a little less than half of them were churchgoers. Most of them were conscientiously doing what they believed to be Christian work in their unions. Quite a number were obviously inspired and encouraged by Christian beliefs. From a number of these leaders I got a rough general view of the views of the membership of their unions. These views on religious matters were mainly Christian views.

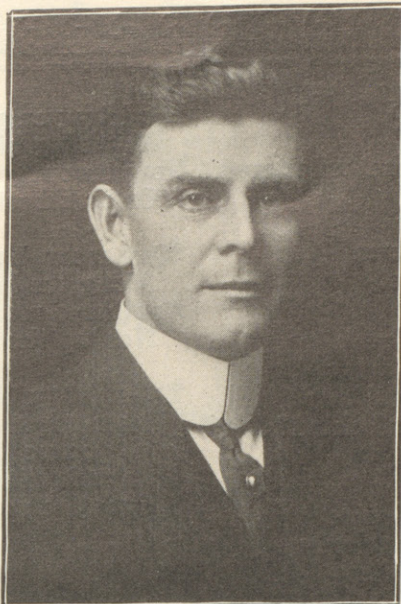
Still later I carried the inquiry into Great Britain and the United States, in a skimpy sort of a way, it is true, but deeply enough, I think, to get me a fair grasp of the facts and probabilities. Always came the same story, which was that all the organized trades unionists were no less churchgoers and irreligious than any other groups of the community; that, if anything, they swung more to the church and religious side than non-



union groups; and that a very large percentage of their leaders were quite distinctly inspired by Christian beliefs and principles. There were, of course, many variations of thought and outlook on these matters, but no more than in other groups, and probably less than in most. I was always struck by the fact that many unions had made in their official pledges definite alliance to Christianity and that many unions opened their proceedings with prayer.

Although I have to-day a very large acquaintance among labor leaders and members of their unions generally, I do not know of a single atheist and I know of very few agnostics. I do know of a number of men and women who are not quite sure about the different values of organized religion, but even most of these could hardly be described as either apathetic or antagonistic to organized religion. In any case, they are no farther from organized religion than most sections of the community. My own opinion is that they are nearer.

The Labor Cabinet and the other Labor members of the British Parliament to-day are more religiously inclined than any government has been, in modern times at least.



*W. U. Appleton, who has been appointed General Manager, Atlantic Region, Canadian National Railways, succeeding the late Mr. L. S. Brown. Mr. Appleton was formerly General Superintendent, Atlantic Region.*

Many of the men and women are not only openly-professed Christians, but active church and Sunday school workers.

At the same time, I am sure that the condition is far from being understood by both Church and Labor, although there are signs here and there of a partial awakening to the significance of the thing and to the tremendous latent power involved.

Meanwhile, should anyone tackle me on the irreligiousness and unchurchiness of Labor, I would claim that the argument had got off on a wrong premise, and that there was really nothing to argue about.

#### UNEASY ROYAL SITTER.

It is said that the Prince of Wales never sits out a dance. We've heard that he never sits out a horserace, either.—*Life*.

#### OPEN FIELD.

Young Man: "So Miss Ethel is your eldest sister? Who comes after her?"

Small Boy: "Nobody ain't come yet; but Pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."—*Everybody's*.

## This Institution Saved Nearly 60,000 Lives in a Century

Royal National Lifeboat Institution accomplished splendid work during past hundred years.

**T**HE Royal National Lifeboat Institution, England, celebrated its centenary recently.

It was on March 4th, 1824, that a meeting, presided over by the then Archbishop of Canterbury, was convened at the City of London Tavern to pass resolutions forming a Society for the "preservation of life in shipwreck."

The romance of the lifeboat is one of the epic chapters in history. After a century of labor on behalf of mariners, the Institution can claim that it has saved nearly 60,000 lives—eleven for every week of its existence.

Authorities differ as to who made the first lifeboat; but it is highly probable that this honor belongs to Lionel Lukin, a coachbuilder of Dunmow, Essex, who built one in November, 1785.

In 1789 the country was shocked by the news of a terrible wreck in the Tyne, and at a meeting held at South Shields it was decided to offer a premium for the best model of a lifeboat. George Greathead's design of a boat thirty feet long and ten feet wide was accepted. This vessel was the first to have a curved keel, and boats of this pattern are still to be seen.

Then followed the meeting of March 4th, 1824, promoted by Sir William Hillary, himself a great saver of shipwrecked sailors, and Thomas Wilson, M.P., who were the founders of the Institution.

The problem of lifeboat construction was brought vividly before the public eye once again in 1849, when, in endeavoring to save people from another wreck in the Tyne, the South Shields lifeboat capsized and twenty of her crew were drowned. This disaster caused Admiral the Duke of Northumber-

land, in 1850, to offer the sum of one hundred guineas for a perfect design of a non-capsizable vessel. Two hundred and eighty models were submitted, and a selection from these was shown at the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851.

Eventually James Beeching's design was accepted, and his first self-righting lifeboat was put into service.

From that day the Institution has grown by leaps and bounds and now owns 250 vessels, which call for the services of 6,000 volunteers.

Of late years there have been rapid strides in the development of the lifeboat, and the needs of the Institution can best be shown by the fact that whereas the first vessel cost \$745, the latest model, equipped with buoyant air-cases, automatic relieving valves, lifeline apparatus, and a searchlight, costs \$50,000. This lifeboat can carry upwards of one hundred passengers.

A farmer wrote to the editor of an agricultural paper asking for a method of ridding his orchard of the grasshopper plague. In the same mail the editor received a request for advice from an anxious mother about her baby twins who were having a hard time teething.

The editor's stenographer mixed the replies with the result that the farmer received the following: "Wrap flannel cloths around their throats. Rub their gums with castor oil and massage their stomachs twice a day."

The anxious mother received this startling advice: "Cover with dry straw. Soak thoroughly with coal oil and apply a match; the little pests will soon stop bothering you."

**See Page 57**





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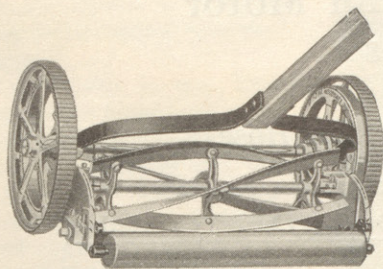
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## The Boy: A Study in Psychology

Written for the Railroader by KENNEDY CRONE

HE was 18 years of age, but had felt like a man for several years. He tolerated being called "young man," thinking the word "young" merely an expression of the vanity of his elders; he abhorred "lad," and he hated "boy."

Somebody at home or elsewhere was always lecturing or jeering him; particularly at home were remarks blunt and searching about his appearance, habits, and general characteristics.

Some of the girls he knew thought he was quite charming and brainy; the rest of the world seemed stupid, and needed someone like him to put it right. He would not stand for this or approve of that; he'd show them! Wait!

He was not conceited enough to think he was perfect. He knew some of his faults. It was the nasty way or crudely-humorous way folks raked up his faults that got him sorest.

On the whole, he wasn't a bad sort and had some good traits, some of which he didn't know he had or did not yet appreciate the value of.

In brief he was an ordinary, clean, decent young man of 18 years, with some resemblance to you or I when we were 18. (Well, I'll leave you out if you like.)

Despite good parents and a good home, he is found bolting from the small town to the big city. He blew in what little cash he had, in a regal way, and then blew in, a little less regally, the proceeds of sale of his gold watch and chain, his Sunday suit, his best boots, four fancy shirts, the raincoat and the woollen underclothing. Later he let his club bag go, and put in a small paper parcel what was left of what he could not wear at one time. The parcel became a nuisance to tote around so he threw it in a lane.

He had some qualms at parting with the plain but comfortable nightshirt his mother had made, but, after all, night-shirts were for kids and old men; pyjamas were the thing. He fancied the kind with silk dib-dabs on them and a thick cord with heavy tassels.

He was also a bit worried about throwing away his school Bible, which had his name in it in his father's writing; not that he had read it for years, or, indeed, had ever taken it seriously except as a school task; but there was something about a Bible with Dad's writing in it that could not be rudely dismissed. He did not quite know what; but there was something.

About this time he thought he would accept a smaller job, and work up, instead of the big job he had earlier visioned. He was shocked to find that the small job would not accept him. One brute of an employer had told him to put a cleaner collar on the next time he went job-hunting; he, who had had a collar a day at home!

He threw away the collar. He would take non-collar jobs. Even these proved hard to find.

Then the tempter came around. All young men in a mean lodging-house have to meet them, and our friend was in a pretty vulnerable position. The first was a female, and interesting, but the old man had once issued a warning, and, although the old man was as a rule a tiresome sermonizer, somehow this warning stuck. The male tempter bought him

**Don't Forget Page 57**



food and gave him hard stuff to drink that warmed his body and mind. He spoke of easy money and adventurous pursuits. The young man was too sleepy to begin his new work at once, the tempter having over-stepped himself just a little. In the early morning his past life in some unaccountable way asserting itself, our hero left without ceremony.

He read the "Situations Vacant" in a morning paper which he salvaged from an ashcan, as he was broke, and therein discovered the very situation which he could fill, with his experience from his home town.

The situation was 22 miles away, in a small great-lake town something like his home place, but he set out immediately, his heart singing.

All this time he had not worried much about what those at home might be thinking. He surmised that his absence might annoy them (especially the social "disgrace"—conventional bunk!), but would hardly distress them. They had often annoyed and distressed him, anyway.

Once, when reminded of duties and responsibilities towards home and home persons, he had said he hadn't asked to be born. He thought that that was a pretty wise crack.

When his mother would talk to him about things that boys and girls didn't get and didn't do when she was his age, and what she had had to put up with compared with the modern child, he would say that the world had advanced since then and that he hoped she didn't want to pass on her own miseries to her children. These were not such bad cracks either, he mused.

Some of these reminiscences were passing carelessly through his mind when we next saw him, 17 miles out from the city, on a hot, dusty, country road. He could see the small town of his hopes in the distance. Dog-tired, foot-blistered, hungry, grimy with mixed sweat and dust, somewhat unconventional in his dress (he had improvised, with potato sacking, a sole for one of his boots, for instance), no doubt he looked a bit unusual. He was obliged to take another rest by the wayside.

A market gardener's weighty wife was worried because he sat propped against her fence. From a safe distance she shouted, "Get out of that!"

He might have said: "I'm on a public road; mind your own business!"

Or he might have said. "I am five feet six and weigh 121 pounds. You needn't be scary; you could choke me with one hand!"

He might have said: "I am only a silly ass of a boy young enough to be your son. Since six o'clock last night I've had nothing to eat. I am tired, aching, dull and sleepy."

Something of these thoughts jumbled through his mind, but what he said was "All right!" and moved on.

Half a mile down the road he looked back. The woman was still watching him. He wondered.

It was dark when he got to his destination. The air was muggy with heat and humidity, an electrical storm overhanging. The great lake, now smooth, threatened angry mood.

Working hours were over, and he had to go to the house of the man he was looking for. The hired girl, doubtful, left him on a stiff chair in the hallway while the family finished supper. The odors of food came to him, but he was past the stage when they appealed to him.

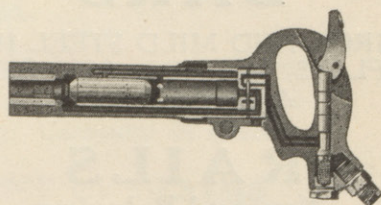
The man, pulling down his waistcoat, and still chewing a biscuit, appeared after what seemed a long time. He beckoned the visitor into the parlor.

"Half a dollar fix you?" he said.

(Continued on next page)

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"No, sir. I want that job you advertised. It's in my line. You know——"

"It was filled this morning. A fellow came out on the early train." He looked at the young man in a puzzled way. "I don't quite get you,—anyway, the job's filled, so there is no use talking about it. You're sure you wouldn't be interested in half a dollar?"

"No, sir. Sorry to have bothered you. Good-night!"

"Good-night!" There was still a tone of puzzlement, uncertainty, in the man's voice.

As the young man stepped again into the dark roadway, now deserted, the storm in the heavens and in his heart broke together. The rain soaked him, the wind chilled him, but he did not heed. He could hear the thrashing of the lake and he buffeted his way to the shore. Great black waves tumbled wildly on the beach and broke into nearby rocky clefts with strange shriekings and poundings. Lightning, thunder, gale and downpour added to the torment of nature. Something instinctive, primitive, seethed in his mind. He was glad of the storm. It swept to the recesses of his soul. He threw out his hands, crying, pleading, promising.

The storm died. A peace as striking as the turmoil came. Even a pale moon stole out and burnished the dark waters with touches of dull silver. Later arose the first slow lighting of a dawn that promised a new sort of a day, cool and fresh and bright.

He turned from the peace and in the half-light almost stumbled against the man of whom he had sought a job.

"I've been watching you for a while," the man said. "The missis sent me to look for you."

"Look for me?" said the young man, stupidly.

"Uh, huh. Been looking for you nearly three hours. Nice job for a sleepy man! She saw you in the house, you know. She divined things. Women are always divining. I wish they would be more sensible and practical sometimes. (Don't mind me; I'm just trying to keep us both awake!) She knows all about you. You'd better not contradict her, or you'll gum the works! She's O.K. at that. Rough on the demon rum, and such-like, but O.K.; quite O.K."

"But what——?"

"But nothing. Just come along. She'll do the explaining. I can't."

The missis, having reared sons of her own, did no explaining. She kissed him on the cheek and patted him on the back, and caused him to feel like a blubbering kid again. She ushered him into a bedroom not unlike the one he had had at home, and said: "You first need sleep. Everything is well. Just sleep. There are dry things laid out for you."

It was a wonderful bed!

When he awoke he found his mother holding him. She was crying. His father was standing near, trying to look stern and self-possessed.

He hugged his mother and he held tight to his father's hand. He read, with some surprise, affectionate concern in parental eyes.

His father answered his questioning looks.

"We figured that pretty soon you'd probably look for a job in your own line, and as there are only a handful of these places round about we were really a jump ahead of you. (We figured other things, too, of course; lots of them; we've had a rough time.) The boss here was a bit puzzled with you; to his missis the thing was dead easy, after a minute's thought. She sent the boss after you and wired us. That's all, boy."

When you have been a man, or think you have been a man, and you can go back to being a boy, this is a gay old world.



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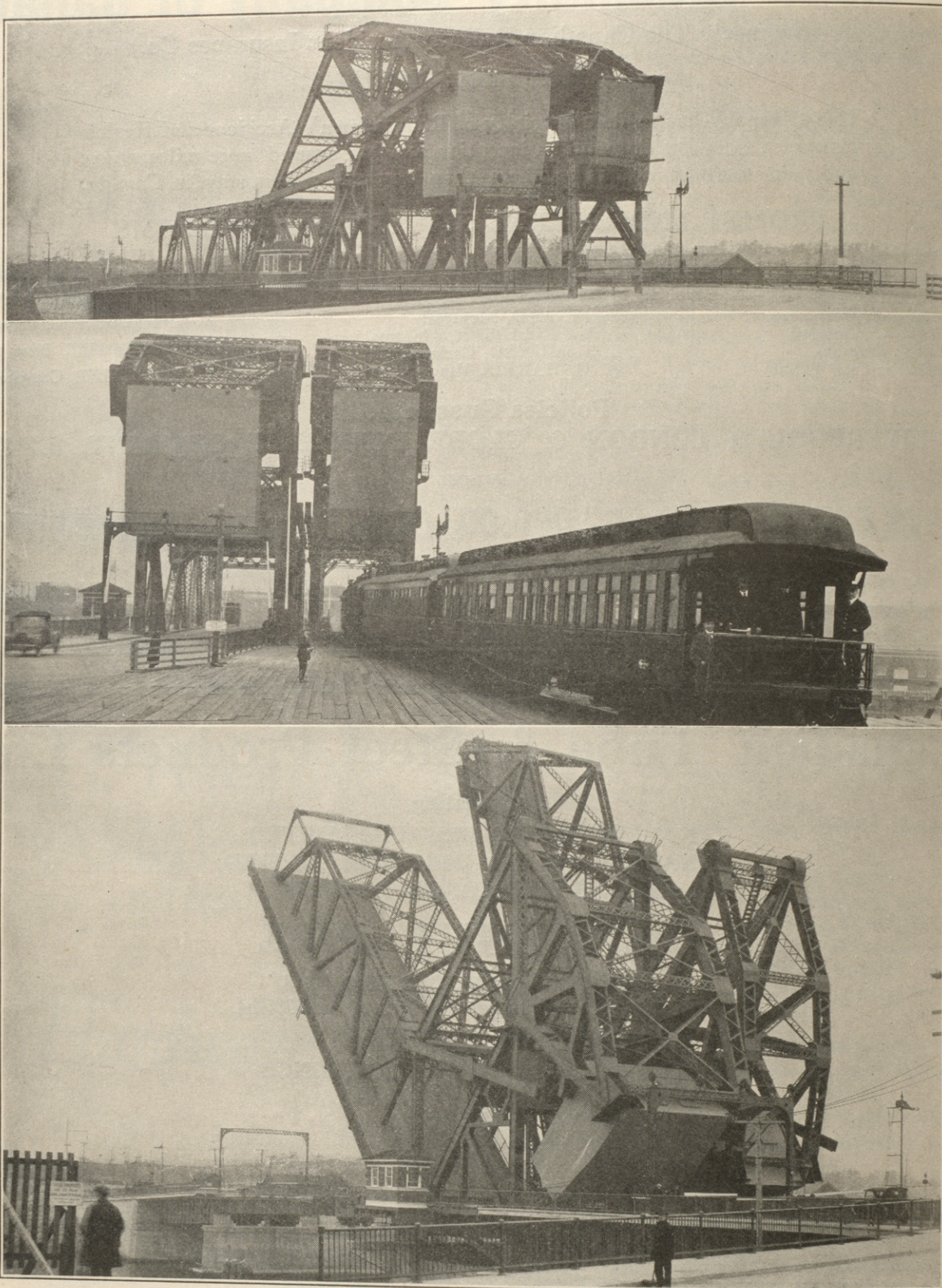
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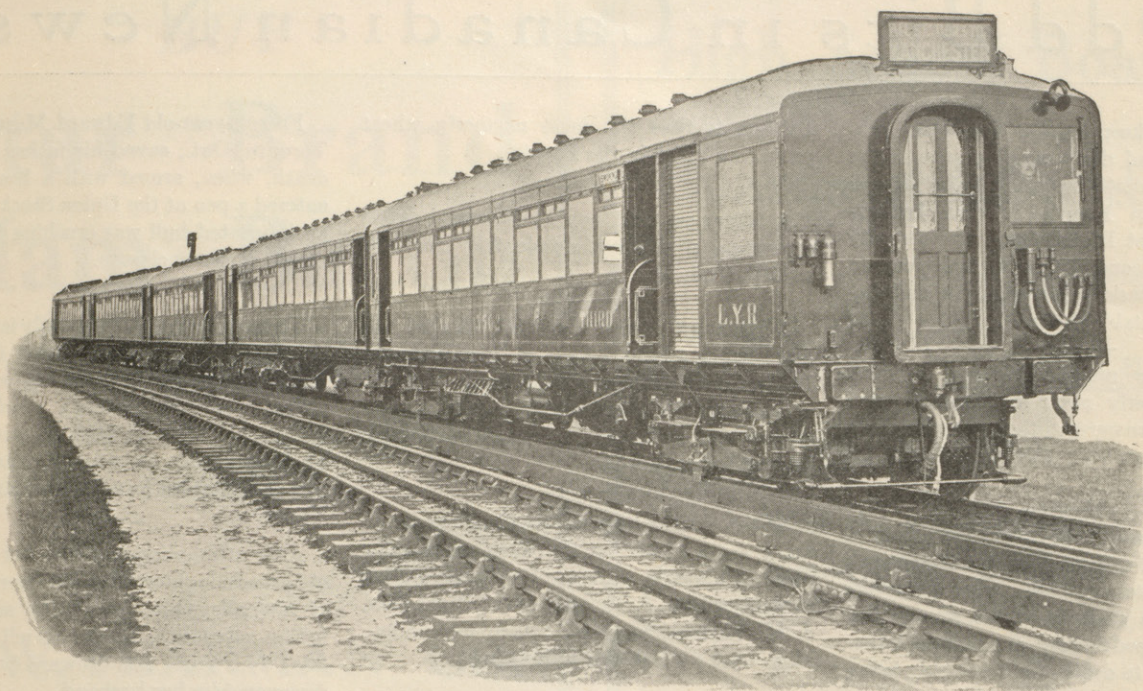
The Johnson Street Bridge may well be called one of "The Seven Wonders of Victoria." Completed in January of this year at a cost of \$918,000, this magnificent monument to engineering skill makes possible a direct route from the world-famed Esquimalt Harbor to Oak Bay, a distance of six miles, and brings the old Songhees Indian Reserve and other industrial areas of Victoria West into communication with Victoria City.

The Bridge is Strauss-Bascule, or upright-swing, in type, and was built by the Canadian Bridge Company, who also designed the Quebec Bridge.

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# Odd Bits in Canadian News

Work hard, keep regular hours, eat substantial food and don't worry, is the advice given to the world in general, by Joseph Beland, veteran French-Canadian lumberjack, of Calumet Island, Que., who recently celebrated his one hundred and seventh birthday by attacking his wood-pile and digging in his vegetable garden.

In trying to retrieve his hat, Armand Pratte, an elderly man, of Montreal, was hurled face downward to the pavement by a forty-two-mile-an-hour gale and broke his nose.

Two four-year-old boys, climbing into a hopper of the Northern Elevator Company's elevator, at Peterson, Sask., tried the levers and before the grain from the storage bin above had stopped flowing, one of the children was smothered to death, the other only being saved by the frantic efforts of his mother, who jumped into the hopper and kept the flood from mounting over the boy's head.

Myrtle E. Freisman, who died recently, at the age of nine days, was the smallest baby ever born at Niagara Falls, Ont. She weighed one pound and was dressed in doll's clothes.

General Sir Ian Hamilton says that the rosiest cheeks and the healthiest children in the dominions are to be found on the south island of New Zealand and on Vancouver Island.

Mr. and Mrs. William Anderson, of Newmarket, Ont., owe their escape from being burnt to death to their pet cat, which clawed Mr. Anderson's face in the night, thus waking him to the fact that the house was in flames.

Bread made from wheat grown within seven miles of Dawson is on sale at all restaurants in that city. At 65 degrees latitude,

Dawson is thus the most northerly wheat producing point in the Empire.

A fifteen-year-old boy at Montreal, while examining a revolver, accidentally shot his mother dead.

A lamb with two heads and a forked tail was born on a farm at St. Tite, Que., recently. It lived only three days and was brought to a taxidermist's in Montreal, where it was stuffed and exhibited, creating considerable interest for passers-by.

British youths have an excellent chance to make good, either on the farm or in commerce in Canada, provided they come willing to work, said A. J. Thomas, son of Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, upon his return to London, Eng., from a short visit in Montreal.

Two lads, colliding at first base during a baseball game in Port Arthur, Ont., were both carried off the field with fractured legs.

While their parents were away at church, the small children of Mr. and Mrs. John Hersog, of Denzias, Sask., played with a loaded cartridge and, putting it into a shot gun, a four-year-old boy pulled the trigger, instantly killing his elder brother.

Working on a pole in Hamilton, Ont., William Lyons stepped on a 2,200-volt wire, the shock entering his boots, rushing up his spine and raising half the hair off his head. He fell 45 feet.

Sending his little daughter out of the house, George Gagnier, of Cobalt, Ont., stretched himself across a bed and, apparently laying a piece of dynamite over his chest, applied a match to the fuse. His mutilated remains were discovered sometime later.

Fifteen-year-old Edward Murphy, of West Toronto, Ont., saved his father from certain death, when, armed with a heavy stick, he entered a pen at the Union Stockyards, where an infuriated bull was crushing the man in a corner of the enclosure.

That a man is not necessarily insane because he sleeps on the floor under the bed and refuses to remove his clothing every time he retires, was the decision reached by Dr. Chagnon, Montreal alienist, with regard to Mathias Ethier, no address, who indulges in this rather novel form of recreation.

After attempting to drown her four-month-old granddaughter, Mrs. McPherson, aged 66, of Metcalfe, Ont., said to be suffering from failing mentality, threw herself into a well filled with water and drowned before she was discovered by her husband.

A hen, part Wyandotte and part Leghorn, with four legs and two crops, which lays two eggs daily, each of a different color, is in the possession of William Halpenny, of Brockville, Ont.

For the first time in the history of Canadian penal institutions, a prisoner has received appointment as a non-commissioned officer of the Salvation Army at the provincial jail, Winnipeg.

The first piece of chemical stone-ware to be made in Canada has been completed at the ceramics department of the University of Saskatchewan.

Mr. and Mrs. George Austin, Hamilton, Ont., sustained an unusual double bereavement recently, when the mother of each died on the same day and within a few hours of each other.

One of the oldest of London's taxi-cabs was panting up an incline recently, and vomiting clouds of smoke from the exhaust pipe.

Said the proud driver of the latest type of taxi-cab. "Smoking, isn't it?"

"Well, what about it?" retorted the aged driver of the moving volcano; "it's over sixteen!"

"How on earth did young Robin get married? Why, I always thought he was so terribly shy."

"He is. He was probably too shy to say 'No.'"

Gladys (meaningly): "It's a good thing we can't see ourselves as others see us."

Softleigh: "You're right. I know, for my part, that I should grow beastly conceited, don't you know."

Two tramps met at the end of a long and unsuccessful day's begging. Both were tired and hungry.

"Didn't you make anything, Bill?" inquired one. "What about that house I saw you looking at—the big one with the open window?"

"Didn't trouble to ask," was the reply. "I looked in the window and saw two girls playing on one piano, so I guessed they was too poor for me to worry!"

"A good artist," said the drawing master, "can turn a happy face into a sorrowful one with a few strokes!"

"That's nothing," replied Tommy, with memories of whackings at home. "My father can do it with one!"



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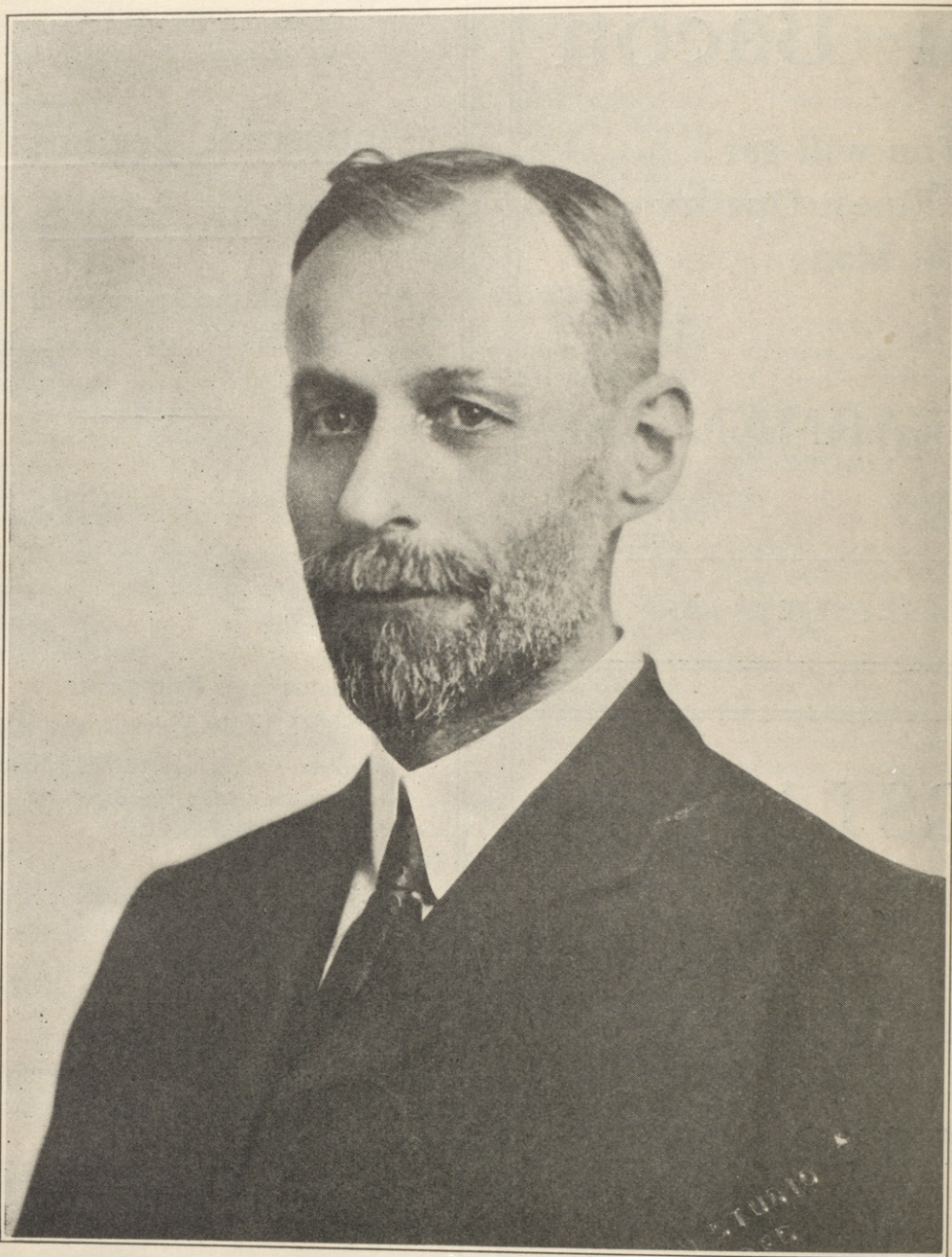
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## Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, M.P.



Mr. Woodsworth, Labor (Manitoba I. L. P.) Member for Winnipeg Centre, was for some years secretary of the Canadian Welfare League and, subsequently, Director of the Bureau of Social Research, Governments of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The author of "Strangers Within Our Gates," "My Neighbor," "Studies in Rural Citizenship," etc., he was in 1918-1919 member of Local 38-52 International Longshoreman's Association of Vancouver, B.C. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1921.



# Child Labor

By J. S. WOODSWORTH, M.P.

THE Editor of the Congress Journal has asked me to give the outstanding points of my speech on the Immigration of Children from Great Britain, as given in the House of Commons, April 16th, 1924.

This problem must be viewed from two angles and these, though closely related, should in thought, be kept more or less distinct: (a) The Welfare of the Immigrant Child, (b) the Welfare of Canada.

The Department of Immigration attempts to give the impression that in encouraging child immigrants we are actuated by high and disinterested motives; it appeals to our patriotic and humanitarian sentiments.

In the foreword of the report of the Supervisor of Juvenile Immigration we read:

"Juvenile immigration is a direct response to what humanity pleads, patriotism wants and Christianity demands—giving the younger generation a chance."

I might add other quotations from the body of the report:

"It was ascertained that the outstanding condition of the children was poverty, but that the great majority are children of respectable parents.

"The juvenile immigration movement in Canada would receive a great impetus, were assurance given those in the Old Country who have in the past promoted it, that the Government of Canada is prepared actively and sympathetically to co-operate with them in protecting the children's interest and otherwise assist them in carrying forward the work. With the guarantee of this the consent of a parent or guardian—which is imperative and in past years has been a formidable obstacle to the migration of many splendid boys and girls—would be more easily obtained."

"Frequently in the course of my peregrinations amongst the schools and homes, and when I looked into the faces of the children and talked to them, these questions continually arose in my mind. Where would Canada get better material for immigration than these boys and girls, and does Canada desire them as farm workers and domestic helps? and shall the emigration of pre-war days be encouraged and extended? Fully 80 per cent of the children and juveniles in state, private and charitable institutions were of good physique and health, and I have not the slightest doubt would qualify for Canadian citizenship under our immigration regulations. And as I went from school to school the words of the late Lord Grey, former Governor-General of Canada, irresistibly came to my mind: 'It is not possible to do a greater kindness to the State children of England, than by removing them to the freer and healthier life of Canada: The climate is admirably adapted for the rearing of a fine, noble and strenuous race.'

"Amongst the many difficulties which beset the State and private agencies charged with the care, training and settling in employment of the surplus population of boys and girls in Great Britain, there are two which force themselves into prominence. viz. (1) The impossibility of finding room for them in the homes and schools owing to the lack of money to provide sufficient accommodation, and (2) the difficulty of settling these young people in useful and profitable employment. The Ministry of Health, Ministry of Labor and Education authorities, as well as the various philanthropic organizations, have before them the great responsibility of dealing with these young people."

But is the welfare of these children the real object of the Department?

As we read on in the report there grows upon one the suspicion that the real reason for developing our juvenile immigration is that we may be provided here with cheap child labor. Expressions are used with regard to the distribution of young workers, with regard to their services. It also says:

"The importation of thousands of boys and girls of ages varying from fourteen to eighteen years, will in a large measure meet the needs of Canada in respect to farm and domestic labor."

The report further points out that of these children who come 1,426 are wage-earning. The total wages paid to the above children amount to \$173,190; that is, they are employed at an average of a little over \$100 each per year. It is a serious situation; as I have said, we import these children under the guise of philanthropy and turn them into cheap child laborers.

As regards these children who come from respectable homes of the workers of Great Britain, I may say that at the present time in England there is a very strong protest being made against allowing their migration. It is being felt over in the Old Land that children should not be forced to leave respectable homes there and be sent to this country.

Again quoting from report:

"There are openings throughout the Dominion for British children of all ages but of course these openings are affected by the positions the children are expected to fill on arrival here, viz.; helpers from ten to thirteen years of age placed under principle of adoption or boarded out—various ages up to fourteen—workers fourteen to seventeen and over."

And again:

"The most suitable ages to send a child to Canada for service are from five to fourteen years for boys, and from thirteen to sixteen for girls."

Do we propose in Canada to import children for service from the tender age of five years up to the age of fourteen for boys, and of the age from thirteen to sixteen for girls?

We have had within the last twelve months, both in western Canada and in the province of Ontario, a very considerable number of cases in which children who have been brought to this country have suffered very greatly at the hands of some of the foster parents and of their employers, a few of the children having been driven to commit suicide. The problem was discussed at great length last autumn at a Child Welfare Conference held at the city of Winnipeg at which reports were presented from the various child caring agencies in all parts of Canada. From the statistics there presented, and the investigations which were subsequently made, I should like to quote a few statements. The question was asked very clearly at this conference: "Does Canadian public opinion countenance importation of child laborers into this country?" And then the report from which I quote goes on to say:

"The social workers of this Dominion are more than half convinced that, under the guise of child immigration, child exploitation is not only tolerated, but actually assisted by Canada's present juvenile immigration policy which has been followed for the past twenty years."

If the idea is to settle children in farm homes across the country, the question that the child welfare workers asked in this conference was "Why not so settle the children that are already in our own homes in Canada." The report continues:



"To date, with returns from but six provinces complete, there are in Canadian institutions 21,557 wholly or partially dependent children, distributed as follows:

British Columbia .....	723
Alberta .....	966
Saskatchewan .....	353
Manitoba .....	1,315
Ontario .....	2,533
Quebec .....	15,667
	<hr/>
	21,557
New Brunswick, St. John, Protestant Agencies only .....	75
Moncton .....	40

The social workers who are collecting the figures have not yet succeeded in getting returns from all the provinces.

I am quite well aware that a certain number of these children are not mentally capable of being placed. But as far as my own experience goes with our child welfare work in the city of Winnipeg there are a large number of homes that apply to which we will not send the children at all.

There is a point I should like to emphasize. In nearly all our cities today we have developed fairly efficient children's aid societies and child placing agencies and the workers who are engaged in this particular branch of social service are very earnest in insisting that certain standards should not be lowered. They think that before a child is placed in a foster home that home should be visited. They think it is not sufficient to obtain excellent reports as to the welfare of the child, perhaps from the employers themselves. They urge that there should be inspectors who would go out into the district, carefully inquire from the neighbors, see for themselves the conditions and report to the officers in charge. In the case of immigrant children this is not being done. There is less than one visit a year paid to the homes of these children; this permits a great deal of laxity which in some cases involves cruelty to the children.

There is another very practical point and that is with regard to the payment of children's wages. Under the present management the department leaves the matter entirely to the agency and the employer. Surely, it is not safe to trust this matter entirely to an agency of this character. The agency should be subject to the inspection of the provincial child welfare authorities.

Still further I would urge that the children and the homes should be under careful inspection of the provincial authorities. One of the inspectors speaking at Winnipeg admitted that sometimes reports were taken from various land agents and others as to the character of the homes in which the children were placed. Surely, it is not fair to the little children we bring here to allow interested land agents to report as to the character of the foster homes or of the homes in which they are employed.

The question was asked at the Child Welfare Conference, "Is Great Britain unloading her child problems on Canada and being subsidized \$40 per child (a total of \$80) by the respective governments under the Empire Settlement Scheme?" I think I might well read in this connection a paragraph published in the Manchester Guardian of April 11th, 1923, by Henry Cotton, in which the following view is advanced. I am summarizing this as I proceed:

"Child immigration originated in the desire on the part of the Poor Law authorities in Great Britain to rid themselves of the responsibility of providing for the boys and girls in their charge, when they were prevented by law from working in the factories. Instead of adopting educational measures to meet the case, the authorities conceived the plan of shipping across the Atlantic as many boys and girls as they could persuade to go."

It is not my desire to comment on these extracts. I think they speak for themselves.

This brings us to our second problem. What affect has the coming of these immigrant children on the welfare of Canada?

We have from time to time had a good deal of discussion as to the character of the live stock we admit into this country. We have had a good deal of discussion with regard to the maintenance of a high standard of seed grain and that kind of thing, but apparently we have not yet taken it into consideration that it is tremendously important that we should have as high a class as possible of human beings if we are to develop in this country a high grade of Canadian citizenship. For some years I had considerable to do with the immigrant people of western Canada, perhaps particularly with the younger people among the immigrants, for some time having to make investigations with regard to the character of these immigrants. No one can come into close contact with the peoples coming to this country without recognizing that we have been altogether too slack in regard to the character of our immigrants. I do not wish to impress my own personal views upon the House, but propose rather to quote a few passages from the second interim report of the Public Welfare Commission of Manitoba, as printed by the order of the legislative assembly of Manitoba, in February, 1919:

"A careful study of the figures regarding the nationality of the various persons examined makes it more than evident that Canada has received an undue share of immigrants who, under a proper system of inspection, would not have been allowed to enter this country. Those familiar with social conditions among the defective classes realized that the welfare of the nation is seriously threatened by the influx of undesirables, and a brief survey of the facts obtained in Manitoba is of interest. Let us consider those in regard to illegitimacy, defectives and delinquents, as under these three headings we shall find grouped the worst of the imported classes. In considering these facts it must always be remembered that the Canadian population of Manitoba is 46 per cent of the whole. In other words, the foreign born outnumber the native born by almost three per cent..... To deal with the jail population of the province, taking 400 consecutive admissions to the jails, what do we find? Twenty-three per cent are of Canadian birth, while the Austrians, who should, under normal conditions, only number eight per cent, rise to thirty-three per cent of the total; and the Russians, who should number 1 per cent, contribute 11 per cent."

It is not clear from these figures as to what is the underlying reason that these foreigners should contribute a larger per cent to the jail population. It may be, and in my own judgment, it is, very largely owing to the fact that we have rather bad social conditions to which these people come, and we have not yet provided the machinery for welding them into our Canadian citizenship; but it may also be, and to a certain extent I think it is, true, that some of them come of a stock that is not altogether desirable, or that their children when first introduced into this country are not able to fit into our life here.

Taking another table—there are a number given here, and I shall quote from only a few:

"Nationality of 269 unmarried mothers in Grace Hospital and Misericordia Hospital during the past year: British, 44.23 per cent; Canada, 25.76 per cent; United States, 9.23 per cent."

And so on. I will not give the smaller percentages. The comment is:

"It is somewhat surprising to find such a proportion of British born among these mothers of illegitimate children,

(Continued on page 76)



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(Continued from page 74)

but comparing the figures with those of a study of 266 cases in the last two years in one Ontario hospital, we find the most striking similarity; in Manitoba, 44 per cent; in Ontario, 40 per cent. When we study the character of much of the immigration we are in a position to make clear some reasons why such burdens have been imposed upon a long-suffering public. In the craze for numbers we have allowed quantity rather than quality to be the slogan, and no better illustration can be brought forward than that furnished by a brief survey of the 266 Ontario cases. Eighteen (22.75 per cent) of the British born mothers were brought to Canada by one well-known home which has already foisted an immense number of defectives on the Canadian public, as the records of criminality and deficiency will show. Surely this one fact should be worthy of serious study by the Dominion immigration authorities. When it is stated, too, that only 26 of the 266 could be classified as normal—45 borderline cases, 191 feeble-minded, and 4 insane and feeble-minded—further comment is unnecessary.”

Again:

“As pointed out before, small wages and mental defect have a much closer connection than superficial students of social conditions suspect.”

I quote again:

“From a study of immigration statistics it is evident that some nationalities have contributed far more than their share to the defective and insane classes. Now that we appreciate this fact it is evident that the attention of the Federal authorities should be asked to make a careful study of the whole problem and provide the proper remedies.”

That report, as I have said, was circulated in 1919 by the legislature of Manitoba.

Quoting from the report of the Supervisor of Juvenile Immigration:

“The children come largely from overcrowded centres of population, London and the surrounding towns supplying the greater proportion of the children in the homes.”

Some of us who have lived in the slums of East London and have visited some of the institutions there, who have lived among the people in their homes, while having every sympathy with the poor there cannot view with any great equanimity the bringing over of that class into Canada with the idea of building up a strong Canadian public.

On the question of mental deficiency let me bring to your attention data collected by Canadian social workers.

“We submit the evidence of a few of the clinics maintained in Canada, in support of our contention that adequate precaution is not being observed in this field of immigration.

“In one general health clinic in Toronto alone, 128 cases of juvenile immigration brought out in recent years by the same agency have required attention. Of these 23 were boys and 105 girls. Their story of social disaster is briefly summarized,—

“Of the girls, 105—40 per cent confirmed prostitutes, 25 per cent venereally diseased, 70 have had 94 illegitimate children, 95 per cent examined mentally abnormal.

“Of the boys, 23—2 known to have had venereal disease, 95 per cent examined mentally abnormal.”

“We quote further a statement of Dr. Eric K. Clarke, of the Canadian Committee on Mental Hygiene, ‘It is a well established fact that 75.3 per cent of the mentally defective children found in our public schools are there as a direct result of our lack of immigration inspectors. 27.9 per cent of these children were born outside Canada, while the remaining 47.4 per cent were born in Canada of parents who arrived since the beginning of the present century. Only

24.7 per cent of our subnormal children can be truly classed as coming of Canadian stock.’”

I think that is a very significant statement; only 24.7 per cent of our subnormal children can be truly classed as coming of Canadian stock. We have to deal in all our cities with immense numbers who are imported and will constantly be a drain on the resources of the country and a menace to our whole community life. The report continues:

“We also quote a summary of a survey carried out by the Toronto General Hospital of a certain agency’s girls since 1917.

Agency girls known to the Social Service Department since 1917.

Number .....	125
Ages ranging from 4 .....	43
Majority between 18-21 years inclusive.	
Occupation, Domestic .....	77
Factory workers .....	11
Mentality, Mentally defective .....	77
Dementia Praecox .....	5
Normal .....	6
Not diagnosed .....	37
With two or more illegitimate children .....	18
Prostitutes .....	36
With Gonorrhoea .....	12
With Syphilis .....	16
With both V.D.G. and V.D.S. ....	3
Served jail or Mercer Terms .....	4

It seems to me that there are two or three things that would be absolutely necessary if we are to bring child immigrants to this country. One would be a most rigid and careful examination of the children before they leave the Old Country, an examination not merely for physical defects but an examination in regard to their mental condition. I could quote, were it necessary, some statistics made by our immigration medical health officers with regard to the large numbers that slip through the hands of our inspectors. As one medical man said to me at the city of Quebec, “We can easily recognize as unfit a man who is minus an arm, a leg or an ear, but we cannot tell whether or not he has any brains inside his skull.” We need more careful inspection.

The care of defective and dependent children under our existing arrangements is entirely a provincial matter, just the same as the Federal Government would make unemployment a provincial matter; and yet the Federal Government can bring in any number of immigrants it pleases, including any number of these juvenile immigrants who may or may not be defective; and unload them upon the various localities, while the localities are perfectly helpless. The local community must go on building bigger and yet bigger institutions to care for them. It would seem to me that this is a matter that requires from this House a great deal more serious consideration than has ever been given to it.

“Has that young man who is calling on you given you any encouragement, Emily?” asked the father.

“Oh, yes. Last night he asked me if you and mother were pleasant to live with.”

“Now, children,” said the teacher, “write down all you have learned about King Alfred, but don’t say anything about the burning of the cakes; I want to find out what else you know.”

Half an hour later wee Jeanie handed in her effort:—

“King Alfred visited a lady at a cottage, but the less said about it the better.”



## The Village Blacksmith 1924 Model

Under an ad for gasoline  
The village smithy stands;  
He's agent for the Jinx machine  
And several other brands.  
He hasn't shod a horse for years,  
For fear he'd soil his hands.  
He wears a gold watch on his wrist,  
A pearl pin in his tie,  
His links are made of amethyst,  
The finest he could buy.  
There's not a thing the smithy wears  
That doesn't please the eye.  
Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
He sees the autos come  
With brakes that are not working right  
And axles on the bum.  
With gas, repairs, and grease and oil  
He makes a tidy sum.  
He has a staff of skilful men  
That number twenty-four,  
Who toil from six a.m. till ten  
And sometimes even more.  
The smithy never does a stroke—  
He thinks that work's a bore.  
The children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door,  
And laugh to see some city fool  
Set up an awful roar  
When called to pay some whopping bill  
The smith has soaked him for.  
He goes on Sunday to the kirk,  
His mind quite free from cares,  
Because his men are hard at work  
With punctures and repairs.  
And if the weather's fine and warm  
The smith says grateful prayers.  
Oiling—refilling—repairing,  
Onward through life he goes.  
And never once despairing  
So long as his income grows.  
Each night the thought of some one done  
Augments his sweet repose.  
—PERCY WAXMAN in *Harpers*.

### PER CONTRA.

A solicitor who owned a large dog was stopped by a butcher, who wished to put a question to him. "If a dog came and took a piece of meat from my shop, would the owner be liable for it?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the solicitor.

"Well, your dog has taken a leg of mutton, value six shillings."

"Oh!" said the solicitor; "then if you give me the odd eightpence that settles the matter."—*Glasgow News*.

### NO HAND JOB.

Mrs. Lafferty: "Ten stitches did the doctor have to take in me ould man after the fight last night."

Mrs. O'Hara: "Tin? Was that all? Shure, when the doctor seen me poor husband carried in this morning he says: 'Has any wan got a sewing-machine?'"—*Boston Transcript*.

## Dominion Bronze & Iron Limited

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STAIRS ELEVATOR ENCLOSURES GRILLES  
FIRE ESCAPES  
WIRE WORK BRONZE MEMORIAL TABLETS

### Ornamental Iron Fences :

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WINNIPEG

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and BOX SHOOKS

"The Reliable Package"



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**T**HE man or woman who plunges into thoughtless spending, making no provision for the future, faces financial shipwreck on the relentless reefs of debt.

Men in debt no longer control their time or their careers. Others control them. To remain in debt is to have to do without, in bitterness of spirit.

The habit of saving part of every dollar you earn will help to keep you clear of debt, and will enable you to enjoy comfort and contentment in the days that are to come.

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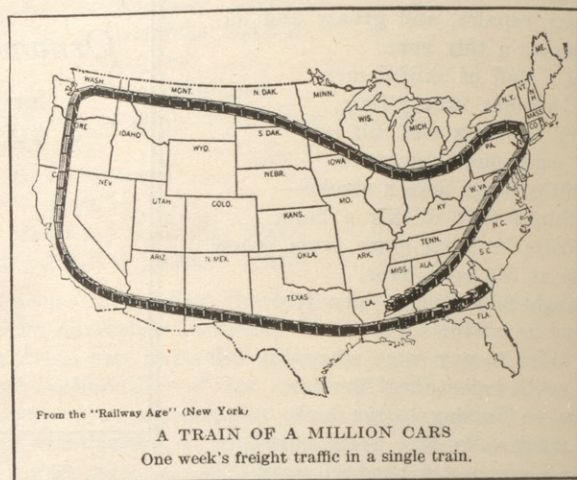
Private Wire Connections with New York and Toronto.

## Million Freight Cars

**F**OF thirty-four weeks from April 29th to December 22nd last, the railways of the United States loaded and hauled to destination an average of one million cars of freight each week.

George G. Boardman, secretary of the Western Railways Committee on Public Relations, has originated a striking method of illustrating how large this volume of traffic is by assuming that these cars could all be made up into one train, and that a locomotive and a caboose would be added for each fifty cars. We quote from *The Railway Age* (New York):

"This movement would thus call for 20,000 locomotives and 20,000 cabooses. If the 20,000 locomotives were placed at the head of the train with the forward locomotive at Savannah, Georgia, and the train followed the route of the



Seaboard Air Line through Jacksonville, Florida, to River Junction, these locomotives would extend continuously for 311 miles, or within thirty-five miles of River Junction.

"If the one million cars were placed behind these locomotives they would extend through River Junction, over the line of the Louisville & Nashville to New Orleans; thence over the line of the Southern Pacific through El Paso, Texas, Los Angeles and San Francisco, California, to Portland, Oregon; thence over the line of the Northern Pacific to Seattle, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul to Spokane, and the Great Northern to St. Paul; thence to Chicago over the Chicago & Northwestern; on to New York over the New York Central; to Washington over the Pennsylvania and over the Southern through Atlanta and Birmingham to a point ninety-six miles west of the latter point.

"If the 20,000 cabooses were then added to this train it would extend 132 miles further or to a point ten miles north of Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

"In other words, the total length of the train would be 8,578 miles. This represents the work done every week for many weeks in 1923 by the railways."

## A. C. Leslie & Co. Limited

**IRON - STEEL - METALS**

TORONTO

MONTREAL

WINNIPEG



## A Car for Fighting Fire

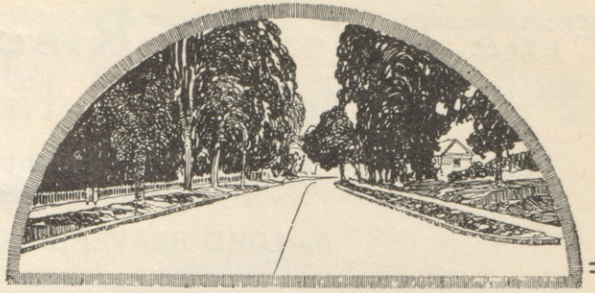
A FIRE-FIGHTING TANK-CAR recently added to the equipment of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad is described and illustrated in *The Railway Review* (Chicago). Much of the mileage of this road is through wooded country, and forest fires frequently threaten to damage timber structures, especially trestles and tunnel linings:

"This is particularly true on the road's northern division, which traverses redwood forests and cut-over lands. In many instances the standing timber and defence brush extend to the immediate vicinity of tunnel portals and trestle bents, the width of the right-of-way, of course, being kept clear of combustible growth.

"The Pacific Lumber Co., which is one of the large logging concerns in the Northwestern Pacific territory, and which operates logging roads of its own, as well as exercising trackage over portions of the Northwestern Pacific, some years ago constructed a fire-car for use in protecting its own property.

"At various times this car has been called into service to protect the Northwestern Pacific's property and the railroad company recently decided to provide a fire-car of its own.

"A wooden tank, which has a capacity of 8,696 gallons, is built upon a flat-car body which is mounted upon standard freight-car trucks. On top of the wooden tank is a duplex steam-pump; a hose reel on which is carried 300 feet of double-jacketed standard fire-department hose with expansion ring-couplers, an additional 100 feet of this hose, together with spanners and wrenches, being carried in a box. The hose is tested to 400 pounds to the square inch after couplings have been attached. A MacGregor fire monitor is also mounted on top of the tank, this monitor being capable of being rotated through a complete sphere and can be operated at maximum pressure by one man."



## Modern Traffic Requirements are Best Met by CONCRETE

FOR traffic as we know it today, the roads of our ancestors are totally inadequate. This is being brought home to us more clearly, as automotive transport increases and our old-time roads break down under the strain of it.

A pavement, to meet the exacting requirements of present-day conditions, must provide a smooth surface, yet gritty enough to give firm footing to steel-shod horses and rubber-shod cars.

The even, gritty surface of Concrete meets these conditions. Requiring but slight "crown" for perfect drainage, Concrete enables traffic to move rapidly, easily and safely.

Biggest of all the factors in the choice of Concrete is its permanence—its resistance to the pounding strains of all kinds of vehicles. Concrete costs so little to maintain that the taxpayer's burden is lightened, while his use of the roads is increased.

The growing demand from all parts of Canada to "pave the highways" is the direct result of the experience of those communities that have turned to Concrete as the modern highway material.

□ □

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# Fine Prospect Rises Before Youth Today

Political World His Oyster if Talent Sharp Enough  
Sword to Prise it Open

By LORD BEAVERBROOK

While the Socialist Government at Westminster appears to me a misfortune that should be remedied at the next general election, there is a good saying enjoining on man to tell his blessings. And there is an aspect of the growth of the Labor-Socialist movement which is a positive advantage to the community. I mean the breaking down of the last barriers which prevented a boy, brought up in the very humblest circumstances, hoping to attain the highest offices in the State.

## *The Road to Power*

Such an aspiration might indeed animate the poorest child who entered the Church in the Middle Ages—but, with the rather doubtful exception of the Bar, the road from the cottage to power had been completely closed in the England of the early nineteenth century.

The history of our own day is one of the successive breaches made in the caste wall which hedged about the Treasury Bench. All the parties have made contributions to the democratic waves which have now swept over the citadel of privilege. The Conservative Party placed in Downing Street the first Prime Minister who had made his way in commerce from small beginnings. For, before Mr. Bonar Law there had been no Premier who could really be described as a business man—one not drawn either from the territorial aristocracy, like the Cecils or the Russells, or from the second generation based on huge industrial fortunes, like Peel and Gladstone.

## *What Labor has Done*

Liberalism, in its turn, can claim to have found in Mr. Lloyd George a genius sprung from the border line between the professional class and the man who works with his hands. But no one could maintain that Mr. Lloyd George—or for that matter Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—was a man who had risen from literally nothing, to grasp the Premiership. And Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinets, while containing a few well-known trade union leaders, or business men, were otherwise recruited from the ordinary type the two historic parties have always placed in successive administrations. What Labor has done is to place at least half the posts in the Cabinet, and nearly all the lesser offices, in the keeping of men who began life with nothing but what skill lay in their hands and brains. It is the scale on which this promotion has taken place which must, in the first instance, strike the observer. Henceforward it is impossible to say that any lad born in a slum or cottage cannot, if he be found worthy, become a leader of men.

And the Conservative Party has in its turn, and of necessity, come to the realization that if the Labor Party is to recruit its Ministers from the whole nation, Conservatism cannot afford to look for its own protagonists within the narrow circle of a caste limited by rank or money. The barrier, therefore, has been definitely broken in all the parties alike, and everywhere ambitious youth will be welcomed. This is an inspiring thought for those fortunate enough to be born in the twentieth century.

But what illumines every tendency in political or social life is some striking personal illustration. That illustration Great Britain has found in the promotion of James Brown, the Ayrshire miner, to be High Commissioner of the King at the Assembly of the Church of Scotland. From a miner's cottage he passes to the Palace of Holyrood—to walls which breathe out the very spirit of the ancient Scottish kings—a home of heroism stained with crime, and sanctified by the centuries. For his services he receives £2,000 a year; and the royal salute of guns is fired in his honor. The whole might, majesty, and dominion of the British Empire surrounds and supports this humble Scottish miner.

It is this instance which above all others has stirred the generous imagination of British youth to think nothing too high for its attainment, and to count toil and privation as straws in the balance against the glory of the prize.

There are, of course, other instances. Mr. J. H. Thomas' breezy frankness sweeps through the slightly stuffy corridors of the Colonial Office—and he began his life as an errand boy. Mr. Walsh, another manual worker, has attained immense popularity at the War Office, where he instructs, or is instructed by, Generals.

Whether the rise of all these men to power will encourage enthusiasm for the Socialist doctrine that work for one's advancement is by way of being a social crime, is another matter. My own opinion is that the advent of the first Socialist Government will give an immense stimulus to individualism.

## *Coming into Line*

But these changes which are taking place before our eyes have more than a national significance. They are less strange to me, because I was born in Canada. For what Great Britain is doing is to put herself into line with political and social conditions which have long existed in the Dominions and in the United States of America. Canada and Australia have drawn their statesmen and Ministers from men who sprang from every



Right Hon. John Wheatley  
The Minister of Health in the British  
Labor Cabinet

class—lawyers, farmers, laborers, skilled workmen, tradesmen, journalists. The United States has gone even further. It might almost be said that there the balance is tilted against those who possess hereditary wealth or position. It is a commonplace that no one in the States can hope to be the president of a railway or a great industrial corporation unless he began life as a newsboy! Now Britain has finally and irrevocably adopted the standpoint the younger nations have long held.

## *The Last Barrier*

What a glorious prospect thus rises before the youth of to-day. The political world has become his oyster if his talent is a sharp enough sword to prise it open. The last barrier has fallen. The mighty Empire of which he is born a citizen has become all his own. What hopes of advancement; what dreams of social service; what stern resolution to make good at all costs of sacrifice and endurance, may haunt the brain and nerve the arm of youth, in green fields, or in mean streets, in the wonderful century which lies before it. If Youth will but advance nothing can hold it back.

## UNINTELLIGENT.

"Mr. Deputy, I want you to find a government post for my boy."

"Is he intelligent?"

"If he were I shouldn't be worrying you for a government job. I could use him in my own business."—*Journal Amusant, Paris.*

## KEEPING HER TIME.

"That's the terribly fast Mrs. Grass-Wideau."

"What's the idea of two wrist-watches?"

"Oh, only one's a watch. The other's a speedometer."—*American Legion Weekly.*



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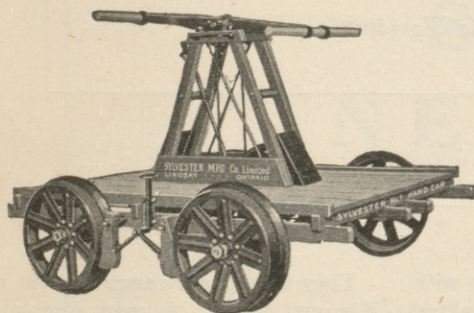
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When used together will clean and disinfect a Dining Car from end to end to the King's taste

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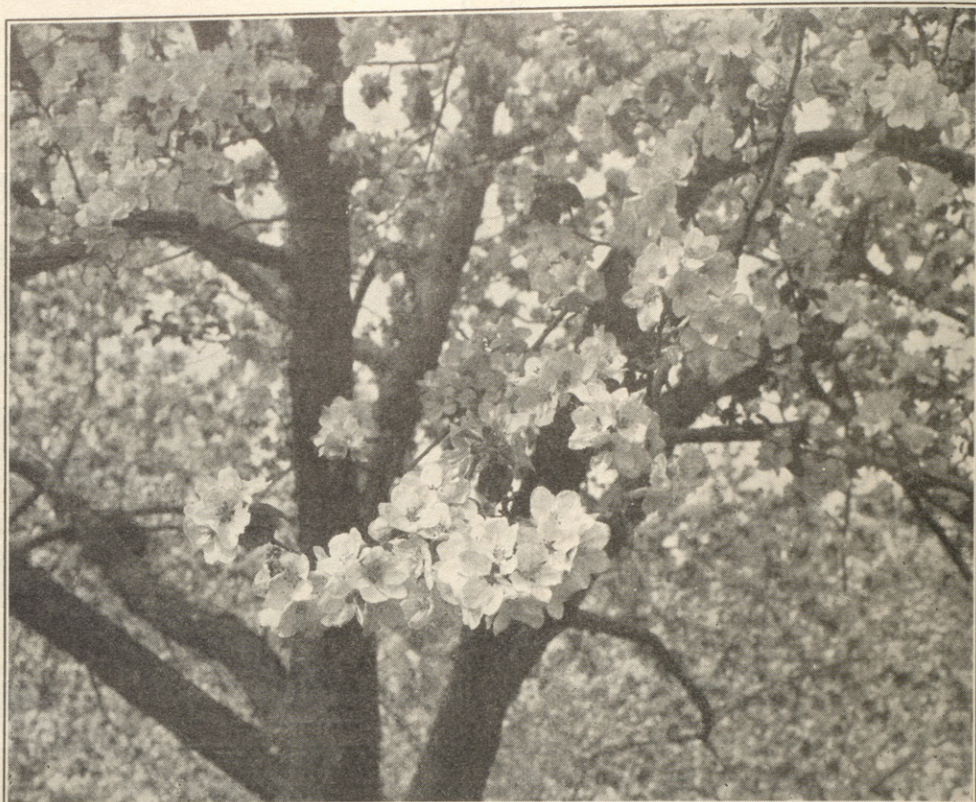
### Klondike Metal Polish



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*A Pretty Close-up of Nova Scotian Apple Blossoms*

## PEPPY PARS

Now that there are free movies and free radio on railroad trains, the only things necessary to the comfort of the passengers are free fares.

\* \* \*

And comes a modernist who tells the world: "Some folk think they are fundamentalists just because they believe their enemies are going to hell."—*Halifax Herald*.

\* \* \*

According to a London investigator, moving-pictures were known 5,000 B.C. And, apparently, the scenario-writers are still using the same plots.

\* \* \*

Some are bent with toil and some get crooked trying to avoid it.

Imagine a Cleveland man living with his wife for 20 years without speaking to her! Over here men generally manage to get in a word or two edgewise.—*Brockville Recorder*.

\* \* \*

Modesty ought to be the virtue of those who are deficient in other virtues.

\* \* \*

A fellow may hear a watch tick all the way from Texas and sometimes the same fellow can't hear the alarm clock go off in the same room with himself.—*Guelph Mercury*.

\* \* \*

According to one newspaper the tariff proposals are a "Boon to Canadian industry." According to another, they are a "Blow to Canadian industry." You pay the bill and take your pick.

They tell of a strange case in a small Missouri town. A man complained of pains in his heel. His physicians removed his teeth, but the pains continued. They removed his tonsils, and still the pains remained. As a final resort they removed his shoe, and the X-Ray revealed a long-embedded needle in his heel.

\* \* \*

If you can't overlook the small faults and foibles of others, what chance is there of others overlooking your own?

\* \* \*

A man went home in a lubricated state at 2 a.m. To avoid waking his wife he removed his boots. He then took his socks off and finally most of his clothes.

He stepped up the stairs gingerly in this state, and when he reached the top found himself in Windsor Station.



**Belgo Canadian  
Paper Company**  
===== Limited =====

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**Shawinigan Falls, Quebec**



## A New Industry for the Maritime Provinces

(Contributed)

**A**LL down through the ages necessity has been the mother of invention and the factor which led to greater economy and conservation of resources.

In the iron and steel industry, necessity drove the manufacturer from wood, charcoal and anthracite to the use of coke for smelting purposes. The change from one fuel to another was brought about by the shortage of wood within reasonable range of smelting operations, the ever-increasing demand for larger tonnages of iron and steel at a lower cost, and the desire to save wood for other purposes. In the use of coke as a domestic fuel, history is repeating itself. From the use of wood, bituminous and anthracite coals, we are turning slowly but surely to coke as a fuel for all purposes where anthracite was formerly used, and for very logical reasons.

In the Maritime Provinces we are fighting hard for Maritime rights. Unfortunately for us, but not for the rest of the world, our people are leaving in thousands each year and we are trying hard to keep them at home and to find useful and remunerative employment for them. In order to build bigger and better Maritime Provinces, and to benefit Canada as a whole, it is essential to keep our money at home, rather than to send it out of the country where it will be used to stimulate foreign industry, while our own industrial plants remain idle.

In the year 1923 approximately 152,980 tons of anthracite coal were brought into the Maritime Provinces at a cost to the consumer of \$2,600,660, as follows:

Nova Scotia .....	57,820 tons
New Brunswick .....	91,000 "
Prince Edward Island .....	4,160 "
	<hr/>
	152,980 tons

Assuming that the average consumer paid \$17.00 a ton for this coal delivered in his cellar and that the dealer paid \$15.00 a ton for the coal delivered on his dock or in his sheds, then

15x152,980=\$2,294,700 went out of the country.

2x152,980= 305,960 cost to handle and deliver.

17x152,980=\$2,600,660 cost to consumer.

With these figures before us it is evident that we should make every effort to avoid this large outlay. That this foreign fuel bill is avoidable has been demonstrated by experiments carried on during the past five years with domestic coke.

### Coke vs. Foreign Anthracite

We have the coal, we have the coal washers, we have the coke ovens, we have the by-products recovering equipment, and we have the men with brains and experience in the industry. Is it economically sound business, then, and are we fair with ourselves when we go abroad for this class of fuel. Let us consider for a moment what economic advantages would accrue to the Maritime Provinces if coke were used instead of foreign anthracite.

With the object of improving, if possible, the quality of the coke, systematic tests have been made from time to time of Nova Scotia coals in every type of washer and coke oven in Europe and the United States; with the result that today is to be found in Sydney, Nova Scotia, the "last word" in modern coal washers, coke ovens, and by-product equipment.

In the process of manufacturing metallurgical coke, the coal is selected from the mines producing the best metallurgical coal, crushed fine so that particles of stone and slate may be separated from it by gravity in a British Baum washer. After washing, the coal is conveyed to storage towers at the ovens where it dries preparatory to being charged into the ovens for coking. The coking operation is simply an expulsion of the volatile combustible matter in the coal in a long, narrow, air-tight chamber which is kept at a high temperature by the circulation of the gases around the oven walls.

The final product is a hard, porous coke of the concentrated carbon, of the coal charged into the oven, practically free from impurities. The coke is pushed out of the chamber by an electrically-operated pusher into an electrically-operated car on the opposite side of the oven, quenched, screened, and sized for the various purposes for which it is intended.

### By-products of Coke

The volatile matter with its valuable and exceedingly complete mixtures passes through the elaborate and costly distillation plant where the by-products are recovered. Surplus gas amounts to about 60% of the total gas expelled from the coal, the balance is used for heating the oven chamber. The value of the gas, of course, depends on the market, and the location of the plant is an important factor.

Ammonium sulphate is one of the best inorganic manures known. Its value lies in its high nitrogen content, so essential to plant life. It is also used in other forms for making artificial ice, for cleaning, and in the manufacture of nitric acid.

Tar is used in the manufacture of drugs, dyes, explosives, paints, road dressing, roofing paper and as a fuel. Motor fuel is made from the light oils, which are also the basis of TNT and herein lies one of the most important features of the plant as an asset to the nation in time of war.

### How to Make a Coke Fire

A coke fire requires less shaking of the grate than a coal fire. In ordinary weather, one shaking a day, preferably in the morning, is all that is necessary. Usually better results are obtained when the grate is not shaken too much and it should never be shaken so much that pieces of hot coke fall into the ash-pit. Therefore, in shaking the grate the ash-pit should be watched and the shaking should stop as soon as the first sparks appear in the ash-pit. Between firings the fuel bed should be stirred as little as possible. If clinkers form over the grate, they should be pulled out just before firing. Usually the best time to remove the clinkers is in the morning when the fire is started for the day's run. It often happens that this one cleaning is sufficient and sometimes the fire may go two or three days without removing the clinker, particularly in mild weather.



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*Manufacturers of*

### British Columbia Forest Products

All kinds of Lumber, Mouldings,  
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## Stone Mason's Son Who Became Literary Genius

CARLYLE was the son of a stonemason, living in the little Scottish village of Ecclefechan. He inherited his father's moral strength and independent spirit, along with a strain of reverence from his mother, a pious and wise woman. His education began in the village school, whence he proceeded to Annan Academy. A day came when he passed on to Edinburgh University. Four years later he was enrolled as a student in Divinity Hall, but he did not feel fitted for the ministry, and he took up a mathematical mastership at Annan, at a salary of \$350. He began to write for the "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," and his picturesque style soon attracted attention. At this time he had made the acquaintance of Jane Welsh, to whom he makes this allusion in "Sartor Resartus"—"Lo, now the black walls of his prison melt away! The captive is alive, is free. If he loved his disenchantress? *Ach Gott!* His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he named it love; existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought." But his troubles were not yet ended. He writes, "Oh, thou that pinest in imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth—the thing thou seekest is already with thee, here or nowhere, couldst thou only see!"

It was in the year 1826 that Jane Welsh consented to be his wife. They left Edinburgh and took up their abode at Craigenputtock. It was on his delicate town-bred wife that the domestic burden rested with crushing weight. Servant maids disliked the solitude of the country, so it meant that the gifted woman had to spend her days in the kitchen that Carlyle might keep at study. She cooked and cleaned, made and mended, and even tended the poultry and the cows in the byre. We must make allowance for Carlyle himself; he was plagued by ill-health; he was so tremendously in earnest that prejudice was aroused. All attempts to induce him to become more conciliatory in tone in his writings he viewed as a temptation of the evil one. Commissions for work became fewer; he decided to settle in London, and migrated to the house that was to be the scene of his labors, 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Here he commenced his "History of the French Revolution"; but he lent the first volume to John Stuart Mill, and it was inadvertently destroyed by a servant in Mill's employ. "Heroes and Hero Worship" was written here. "Sartor Resartus" still lacked a publisher, but an American house gave it to the world.

No. 5 Cheyne Row is now almost a shrine, but it was then almost an inferno, for Carlyle could not work if there were the least distraction. The fowls of his neighbor were a constant source of annoyance, and the clatter of hoofs and the noise of the streets made him furious. He formed the idea of constructing a sound-proof study. It is a large attic apartment with walls specially built inside the original structure. It turned out to be too hot in summer and too cold in winter. However, Carlyle persisted in using it, and here was written "Chartism," "Past and Present," "Cromwell," and "Latter Day Pamphlets"; also he completed his great work on "The

Life of Frederick the Great," which secured him the praise of Germany. His writing now became more sympathetic. "With other eyes could I now look upon my fellow man, with an infinite love and pity. Ever, whether thou bearest the royal mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden; and the bed of thy rest is but a grave. Oh, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe all tears from thine eyes? Truly the din of many voiced life, which with the mind's organ I could hear, was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one, like the sobbing of a damned creature, reaching the ears of Heaven as prayer."

Emerson visited England, and he has recorded his impressions in a book entitled, "English Traits." He looked in on Carlyle at Craigenputtock, and for nearly forty years they corresponded with each other. It is an interesting speculation as to whether Emerson's influence on Carlyle was great or not. At all events it was lasting. Carlyle also made the acquaintance of several of his famous contemporaries, notably Coleridge and Tennyson. He was visited by Tennyson several times. On one occasion they soon exhausted topics of conversation; and the story goes that after smoking several pipes of tobacco, Carlyle accompanied Tennyson to the door, remarking, "Well, we've had a grand night, Alfred," and this was the first utterance he had made for more than an hour.

His contempt for militarism was boundless. He writes—"The two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and thirty stands confronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'fire' is given; and they blow their souls out of one another, and in place of sixty useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses. Had these men any quarrel? Not the smallest. They lived far enough apart; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even by commerce some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton, their governors have fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

Honors now began to fall thick upon Carlyle. He was elected Lord Rector of his old university at Edinburgh in 1865. His wife died in that year. It was only then that he realized what he had lost. She had sacrificed all for his sake. Her frail health had been a continual trouble to her, as she undertook duties for which she was unfitted, and his apparent lack of sympathy, due to his being a great sufferer himself from dyspepsia, had been a constant grief to her. But Froude's account of the matter errs by want of understanding. The fact is they were both exceptional people and their misunderstandings did not interfere with their affection for each other. Carlyle's grief after her death was an atonement that well become him.

Carlyle was decorated with the Prussian Order of Merit in recognition of his life of Frederick. Disraeli also offered him a baronetcy, but he declined. His eightieth birthday was duly marked by the gift of a gold medal from his admirers. He died in 1881, and though the nation wanted to bury him in Westminster Abbey, he was buried among his kinsfolk in the little churchyard of Ecclefechan.



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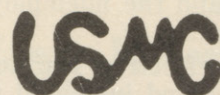
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### BRITISH UNEMPLOYED CHARTER

"The minimum demands of British Labor, employed and un-employed," for measures to deal with the great problem of unemployment were stated recently, jointly by the Trades Union Congress General Council and the Unemployed Workers' Committee Movement.

The statement, which is to be circulated widely throughout the country by means of leaflets, and backed by a national campaign, is described as the "Unemployed Workers' Charter."

"The Charter," it is stated, "represents a program for immediate attainment by united action. We call upon all workers by hand or brain to help in our great national effort to rescue unemployed workers from continued starvation and despair."

Wide in their scope, and putting in briefest form the demands repeatedly expressed by the Trades Union Congress and the unemployed the Six Points are as follows:—

1. Work or effective maintenance for all unemployed workers and increased Government assistance to be provided through trade unions.

All unemployment relief to be completely dissociated from Poor Law administration.

2. The immediate development of Government schemes of employment to absorb the unemployed in their own trades at trade union rates of wages and conditions.

3. The establishment of State workshops for the purpose of supplying the necessary service or commodities to meet the requirements of Government Departments.

4. The reduction in the hours of labor necessary to absorb unemployed workers, the normal working day or week to be regulated by the requirements of the industry.

5. The establishment of occupational training centres for unemployed workers, providing proper training with effective maintenance, particularly for unemployed boys and girls and able-bodied ex-Servicemen.

6. The provision of suitable housing accommodation at rents within the means of wage-earners, and the proper use of existing houses.

An appeal is made to trade unionists, Labor Party members, and all wage-earners to support these demands.

\* \* \* \*

### JAPANESE WORKERS IGNORED

The Central Employment Office of Osaka is planning to establish a committee composed of industrialists for the purpose of providing work for unemployed workers. There is no suggestion that the workers shall be represented on this committee. This omission is defended on the following grounds:—"Since there is not a good Labor union in Osaka, it is almost impossible for us to organize a similar committee composed of the representatives of labor, and therefore we have decided to establish a committee of capitalists who will meet and discuss the unemployment question". This statement is very ambiguous. The emphasis must be laid on the word "good", and it is clear that the government and the employers have their own ideas of what constitutes a "good" trade union!

### REPATRIATION OF THE YUGOSLAV MINERS

It is stated by the Yugoslav Consul at Dusseldorf that the Yugoslav Government intends to assist the Yugoslav miners in the Ruhr District to return to their homes.

In this connection it is announced by responsible quarters that only a few hundred miners can now find employment in Yugoslavia, while the number of miners (inclusive of their families) who are now preparing to leave the Ruhr for Yugoslavia is said to be about 40,000. If these miners have no friends in Yugoslavia to receive them, they run the risk of being both workless and homeless in their native country.

The Yugoslav trade union organizations are urging their government to send financial aid to the unemployed Yugoslav miners in the Ruhr district and, in the event of their being compelled to leave that district, to arrange for them either to be removed systematically to places where they can find work and shelter, or to be provided with relief work.

\* \* \* \*

### SWISS WORKERS' VICTORY

By securing the defeat, on a referendum, of the Swiss Federal Council's Bill to extend weekly working hours, the Swiss workers have scored an important success against the employees' attack on the eight-hour day, which is now being waged in several countries. The proposal (to extend the working week in certain factories from 48 to 54 hours) was rejected by a large majority—over 100,000, on a total vote of about 750,000. The voting was heavy. All the big cantons, containing large proportions of workers, voted against the Bill. The size of the majority came as a surprise to the bourgeois parties, who, however, were divided on the question. In some cases the Conservative-Catholic Party voted against the Bill, in disagreement with the employers' argument that the increase in hours would reduce the cost of production. The workers' representatives claim that their victory will be of assistance to their fellow workers in France and Belgium. In the latter country, it will be remembered, the Capitalist Parties endeavor to break down the eight-hour day by the introduction of a Bill allowing for "supplementary" working hours, but this was rejected by the section of the Chamber appointed to deal with it. Meantime the International Labor Office reports unanimous recommendation of the ratification of the Washington Convention of 1919 by the Austrian Assembly, while the Italian Government has submitted it to Parliament.

---

A man went home in a lubricated state at 2 a.m. To avoid waking his wife he removed his boots. This didn't seem to help matters much, so he took his socks off, too, and finally most of his clothes.

He stepped up the stairs gingerly in this state, and when he reached the top found himself in Windsor Station.

---

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,  
The acorn on the hill,  
Each for some separate end is born  
In season fit, and still  
Each must in strength arise to work the Almighty will.





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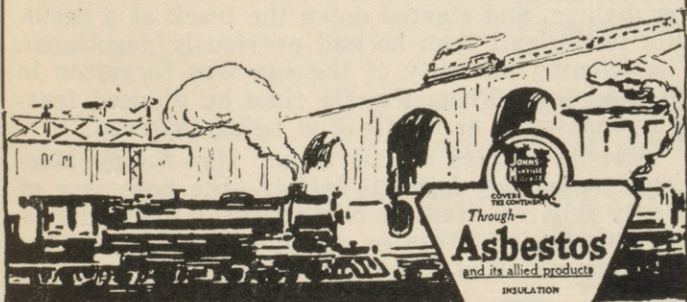
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# Vanished Coin

By GROVER BRINKMAN, in *B. of L. F. and E. Magazine*

Totally exhausted, "Soapy" Morrison shuffled along the tracks of the P.C. & T. like a man walking on blistered feet. For hours he had been "hitting the grit" under a merciless, utterly unsympathetic desert sun, en route to Mesa Verde—or rather any place where he could secure a drink of water, food, and a good long rest in some inviting bit of shade.

A desert of bleak desolation stretched everywhere—nothing but a continuation of sand and cactus, more sand, and still some, interspersed here and there with scraggly clumps of mesquite and greasewood that in some mysterious way managed to thrive in that desert waste. Soapy sighed wearily as he viewed the perspective, after which he pulled a dirty red handkerchief from his pocket, and thoroughly mopped his alkali-coated face.

His tongue was swollen and sandpapery, and clove irritatingly to the roof of his mouth when he tried to swallow. His throat was parched and blistered. When he strove to talk—or to curse his luck, rather—the words issued from his mouth with a squeaky, asthmatic raspiness which threatened to ruin his vocal chords. Extreme bitterness was in his soul, and there were smarting, painful blisters on the back of his unprotected neck and on the sides of his face. His badly dilapidated felt hat was pierced with several ragged holes, affording him only scant protection from the noonday sun; and the bottoms of his well-ventilated shoes were sprinkled with a goodly array of cinders and gravel.

His destination still many miles down the seemingly endless track, tortured with hunger and thirst, and the remorseless heat of a gleaming desert sun that seemed to focus directly upon him with all its blazing intensity, Soapy repeatedly cursed the luck that fate, in the role of a watchful trainman, had dealt him that morning.

The brakey, an old hand at the job, and utterly unsympathetic to the wails of the ordinary tramp, had found him taking his customary morning siesta in the cool, dark corners of a refrigerator car that was going to the shop for repairs, and had administered an unceremonious kick that awoke him with a start, trembling and angry. His temper had been so aroused that he had seen fit to "back-talk" to his common annoyer, with the ungainly and most disastrous result of being pitched head first through the door of the moving car.

When he had finally managed to open his smarting eyes—some time later—crawl painfully to his feet, and blink dazedly at the desert sun, the freight was a rapidly receding speck in the heat-pulsing distance, several miles away.

Soapy decided he was ditched!

The realization of his predicament sickened him, sickened his pride, and sent him stumbling down the track in a rage of ungovernable fury, cursing the whole outfit of the P. C. & T., and the brakey that had so ignominiously unroosted him in particular. And at the end of a grilling five-mile tramp, his seething anger had not abated in the least—if anything it grew worse.

It was in this condition—weary of soul and body and utterly dejected in spirit as well—that he sud-

denly tripped himself on a protruding spike and fell headlong between the rails.

Soapy cursed his luck some more, crawled painfully to his hands and knees preparatory to getting up—when his half-closed eyes happened to center idly on a dark, oblong object in the sand a few feet distant, and he stared and stared, disbelief at what he saw written largely on his wrinkled countenance.

The next moment he had scrambled hurriedly to his feet, and flopped himself down beside his find. He clutched it with an eagerness like that of a schoolboy at finding a dime—a woman's purse, bulging, and still retaining a fragrant aroma of a delicate perfume.

The tramp grinned guiltily as he inspected it, and his hand trembled in eager expectancy. There was a metallic jingle produced when he turned it over in his hands, too, and he opened it up and poured the contents before him with the grin broadening on his sunburnt face.

But the next instant his countenance had changed back to its habitual dejected look. The little pile of articles before him consisted merely of a pink powder-puff, a scented and daintily modeled handkerchief, a nail file, seven pennies, a nickel and a dime.

Soapy cursed his luck some more, stuffed the coins into his pocket, and proceeded to apply the powder-puff to his blistered neck and cheeks. He was just ready to fling the purse away, when the edge of a piece of paper sticking out of an inner compartment arrested his attention, and he opened it up quickly, once more the greedy, expectant grin broadening his face.

This time, however, he had good reason to stare unbelieving at what he saw, for the two crisp new bills that he pulled out, each with a figure "10" smiling up at him, did indeed look tempting and inviting.

Soapy let out a ringing whoop of pure joy, waved the two bills frantically over his head like a raving maniac, and started down the track at a decidedly faster gait than he had previously negotiated. The burning intensity of the sun was forgotten in his mad joy. From time to time he glanced fearfully backward, as if afraid of being followed.

Twenty dollars all his own! He—Soapy Morrison, vagabond, derelict, drifter—the possessor of twenty dollars! Had the blistering sun played havoc with his brain? Was he dreaming, and would the tempting vision of those two crinkly bills fade into oblivion?

He slapped his face to make sure, then he pulled the bills from his pocket, and again surveyed them critically. As dawning realization slowly replaced the lingering doubt in his mind, he let out another whoop that would have done credit to an Apache on the warpath, and crammed the money into his pocket.

Finally he quieted down and began a vigorous attempt to reach Mesa Verde by nightfall. Into his mind came a delightful vision of a certain saloon,



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where the near-beer was exceedingly good, and the "second-day" sandwiches were large and wholesome.

Soapy intended to treat himself to a royal feed—something he had failed to indulge in for a considerably longer time than he knew was good for his health. Presently he adjusted his belt a notch tighter, pulled his battered hat down low over his eyes, and settled down to a steady pace that he knew he could keep up for several hours more—and a three hours' walk would bring him to Mesa Verde.

His feet once more planted upon the track, and his face turned toward his still distant objective, he moved along rapidly in spite of his weariness. His physical discomforts were forgotten in the glorious thought of the future.

As he continued, there occurred to him again and again, luring, fascinating visions of all the refreshments and amusements to be obtained at Mesa Verde, and as each thought reoccurred to him, each time more forcibly than the preceding one, he quickened his pace until he was finally going down the track in a jogging dog-trot, his sunburned face wet with perspiration.

An hour later, totally exhausted, and at last realizing that to continue that killing pace was only a mild form of committing suicide, Soapy slowed down to a moderate walk, and again pulled the two precious bills from his pocket and caressed them lovingly. Over and over he kept repeating the sum of his find.

"Twenty dollars!" he shouted, gasping for breath. "Twenty good iron men—"

He came to a sudden staggering halt, groped blindly forward a few steps, then putting his hand to his forehead, he fell forward on the track, rolled down the slight grade, and lay still. Soapy had fainted.

How long he lay there unconscious the tramp really never knew. But when he awoke with a dizziness in his head, some time later, he was surprised to find the desert clothed in a mantle of stygian darkness.

After a while he again got to his feet and turned his tottering steps toward Mesa Verde. The coming of night brought with it a velvety coolness, refreshing and invigorating, and as he continued, he began to feel better, despite the nauseous feeling that still remained in the pit of his stomach, and the dizziness in his head.

And again he had not proceeded more than half a mile when he was brought to a sudden stop.

He had been gradually drawing closer to a low range of hills as he continued on his westward course. Now Soapy realized for the first time that he was entering broken country. In the mellow light of the moon, just arising, the wooded slopes of the ridges looked dark and foreboding, and the track looked like a giant serpent, as it zigzagged through the hills.

The track before him ran through a "cut" in the surface of a particularly steep slope, and what brought him to a halt was the sight of a huge boulder directly on the track! Soapy read the solution of the mystery in a single glance up the hillside. The boulder had become loosened higher up, and had crashed down, stopping directly on the track, and smashing the rails all out of semblance.

Soapy looked at the boulder for a long time, then he shrugged his shoulders, in so doing dis-

missed the subject from his mind, and seated himself comfortably on the big rock. He began to carefully roll himself a cigarette out of the remaining supply in his tobacco pouch. From another pocket he pulled forth a cake of chocolate, soft and mushy from the heat, but still eatable. He contemplated it wistfully, then unwrapping a corner and taking a good bite, he put it back into his pocket. It was the only article of food he possessed, and though he was ravenously hungry he refrained from eating all of it, for Mesa Verde was still a good many miles away and past experiences told him that a good many things could happen by the time he reached his objective.

The cigarette finally consumed, he glanced at the boulder speculatively, and he stirred uneasily. And just then there came to him the faint, long-drawn whistle of a train! Soapy seemed to suddenly to come to his senses, and he scrambled to his feet, undecided what to do. As he again allowed his gaze to centre on the big rock, he shuddered and turned away.

A mental picture of that speeding train being hurled from the tracks seemed to beat itself into his brain with a forcefulness that made him shiver. Again came the faint whistle, and his face paled as he realized that it was a passenger train that was coming. Forgetful of everything but to stop that train, Soapy started running down the track toward the oncoming train. The hatred toward this particular railroad that he had nurtured only a short time before was replaced by a greater and a better thought.

As he rounded a curve, a faint halo of light away off down the track spurred him to renew his efforts. And now another thought occurred to him that made him tremble in a nervous fear. Would he be able to flag that rushing monster of steel? Would it be possible to attract the attention of the engineer, and even if he did, could the momentum of the train be checked before it reached the boulder? Soapy cursed softly to himself and plunged on.

A little farther on he came to an unused siding, and as he spied a battered red lantern hanging from a switchstand, he almost shouted for joy. Seizing it quickly, he jerked off the globe and applied a match to the wick—but the flame only sputtered and died down. Still hopeful, however, he raised it to his ear and shook it violently. But no resounding slush of oil reassured him. The lantern was dry. He flung it down the track, scowling as he did so.

Fearfully he glanced up the track, and the nearness of the train almost staggered him. Shocked into a last resort, he dropped to his knees and began searching through his pockets for some scrap of paper. After a rigid search without finding the least scrap, he looked up bewildered. Then the realization that he had emptied his pockets of all trash that morning suddenly occurred to him.

Another glance at the train bearing down upon him, and he dived into his pockets again, though the search was purely mechanical. Then all of a sudden his groping fingers closed around something new and crisp, and he hastily pulled out the two crumpled banknotes, hesitated undecided a brief instant, then crammed them into the red chimney and struck a match.

The two bills blazed up brightly for a moment, and the old chimney blazed red, then the light died down as quickly as it had blazed. Soapy flung him-



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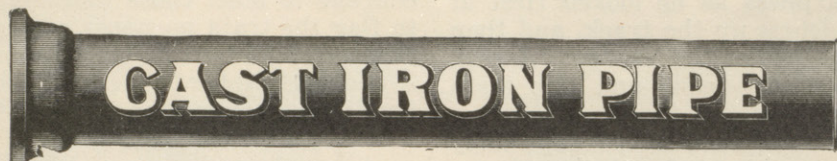
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self off the track just in time to escape the wheels of the heavy passenger engine as it thundered by.

Brakes screaming, the long train came to a jarring stop, and Soapy sighed thankfully as he crawled out of the right-of-way ditch. From the cab of the engine a figure alighted, torch in hand. From the passenger coaches other trainmen alighted, quickly followed by passengers, and in a moment the surprised tramp found himself the centre of a dozen inquiring faces.

The conductor stepped forward, and he eyed the tramp quizzically. "What's the idea—stopping this train out here in the desert?" The question was addressed to both Soapy and the man from the cab, the voice was firm and hard, with a trace of suspicion in it.

Soapy stepped forward, and faced the trainman, and he met the unflinching gaze without batting an eye. "There's a big rock on the track just ahead," he said calmly, pointing to where the headlight of the engine played on a mass of rock and torn rails. "Must have been a slide—track's all torn loose."

"The devil!" ejaculated the conductor, his voice losing some of its sharpness as he looked first at the heaped-up pile of debris up the track, and then at the pale, woe-begone face of the tramp. "A rock is right—regular old nigger-head—and this train was makin' all of sixty an hour—"

Suddenly a well-dressed man of perhaps fifty pushed through the crowd and faced the tramp. Accompanying him was a girl of twenty, that a single glance showed to be his daughter. The conductor lost no time in addressing the newcomer.

"Mr. Beresford, there's a big boulder on the track just ahead, which would have sent us all to kingdom-come if we would have hit it." He pointed to Soapy. "Here's the man who flagged the train—I think we've got to thank him for saving our lives."

John Beresford, veteran railroader and vice-president of the road, stepped forward, and he wasn't in the least hesitant as he grasped Soapy's grimy hand and thanked him for what he had done. The tramp flushed, and when he in turn took the slim hand of Agnes Beresford, he trembled and felt the hot blood rush to his face in an attempt to smother him.

"And now," concluded Beresford, "what can we do to show our appreciation for the noble act you did?"

Soapy smiled faintly as he saw each man there dig down in his pocket, but he shook his head at the money proffered him. "Thanks," he said weakly, "but if you don't mind, I'll be movin' on, and we'll call it square. I might want to ride the rods through here again some day, and if you want to do something for me, tell your shacks that I'm a harmless cuss and let me ride, and we'll forget about this little favor."

He started to move away, then suddenly staggered and would have fallen but for the protecting arm that reached out and steadied him. Beresford put a protecting arm around his shoulders.

"Man, you're all in—and then want to be on your way! Not on your life, you're going to ride, and it'll be in our own private car."

Soapy started to vigorously protest, but already Beresford was propelling him in the direction of the last car of the train, and he was too weak and exhausted to resist.

As the two started forward, it was Agnes Beresford who saw a fragment of paper slip out of the tramp's nerveless hand, and lost no time in picking it up. It was the parched corner of a ten dollar bill!

A half hour later, the boulder rolled off and the track being temporarily repaired by the train crew, the train again resumed its interrupted journey. Seated in the diner with the vice-president sitting just across the table from him, and his daughter at his right, Soapy forggott hi sweariness and embarrassment in partaking of the meal the train's chef set before him. When he had finally eaten his fill, Agnes Beresford turned to him, a question in her frank blue eyes.

"When you came near fainting," she said smilingly, "you dropped this." She held forth the fragment of banknote. "Won't you please tell me how it happened that you clutched it in your hand?"

Soapy stared at the corner of the bill, then he smiled.

"You can thank that particular ten dollar bill, and another of the same pattern, for saving your life," he said, for the first time assuming enough courage to meet those blue eyes. "When I wanted to flag the train no paper seemed to be around, and this was all I had, so the money went up in smoke."

John Beresford reached for his purse. "I'm sure you'll at least let me replace the money you lost. You can't refuse that."

"Nope," said Soapy, "the money wasn't mine anyway. I found it in a purse on the track this morning—a woman's purse."

"Eh—what?" asked Beresford. "A woman's purse? And you found it in this vicinity?"

Beresford looked knowingly at his daughter, who interpreted his look with a smile, after which she beamed on Soapy.

Soapy stirred in his chair uneasily. "What's the matter?" he asked cautiously.

"Listen," said Beresford, "that purse you found belonged to my daughter. She lost it this morning as we passed through—fell out of the window." He looked at his watch. "We'll be in Mesa Verda in about five minutes. There happens to be a job in the depot there—nothing much, but it's a job, and something you can do, I'm sure of that, so it's open for you. Tell the agent who recommended you, and make a try at it anyway."

Beresford arose as the train began slowing up. "And the next time I come through here," he concluded, "I want to see you still there, and making good. You're entirely too good to be an ordinary tramp, and you've seen better days I know. The man who saves the lives of a trainful of people with my daughter's money needs to be a railroader. S'long—and good luck."

Mistress—Did you break this dish, Norah?  
Norah—No, ma'am, I only dropped it.

Evelyn—"You've been courting me now for a number of years, George, and I want to make a proposal."

George — I-I-I am not in a position to m-marry yet, but—"

Evelyn (interrupting)—Who said anything about marriage? I was going to propose that you stay away from here and give somebody else a chance."



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